

4
G I L B L A S.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-lane*.

By Mr. MOORE. 181 of Abingdon
K.



D U B L I N:

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T O T H E
T O W N.

GENTLEMEN,

A F T E R the Variety of Fortunes, that poor *Gil Blas* has experienced upon the Stage; the Praise and the Dispraise he has received; the Mirth and the Groans he has occasioned; he throws himself into your Closets, for your cooler and more deliberate Opinions of him. He does not pretend to any extraordinary *Rank*; but flatters himself, notwithstanding the Plainness of his Dress, that you will not think him too *low* for your Acquaintance. He can say, without Vanity, that he could have been *wittier*, had

A 2 he

he not preferr'd being *natural*, and thought more of conducting his *Business*, than of shewing his *Parts*. He hopes no greater Intricacy will appear in that Business, than was necessary to produce entertaining Situations, and make the Discovery more pleasing at last. Faults and Defects he has many ; but he humbly presumes, that a good *Critick* will no more expect Perfection upon the Stage, than a good Man will in Life. He confesses great Obligations to his Friends, and has no Resentment to his Enemies. His Desire is to entertain you innocently, and to be at all Times,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient Servant.

February 13th.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Woodward,

In the Character of a Critic, with a Catcall in his Hand.

ARE you all ready? Here's your Musick! here! *
Author, sneak off, we'll tickle you, my Dear.
The Fellow stop'd me in a hellish Fright—
Pray, Sir, says he, must I be damn'd To-night?
Damn'd! surely Friend—Don't hope for our Compliance,
Zounds, Sir!—a second Play's downright Defiance.
Tho' once, poor Rogue, we pity'd your Condition,
Here's the true Recipe—for Repetition.
Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please, so then,
I'll never trouble you with Plays again.
But bark ye, Poet!—won't you tho', says I?
'Pon Honour—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his Word—
Damn him—or, by my Soul, he'll write a third.
The Man wants Money, I suppose—But mind ye—
Tell him you've left your Charity behind ye.
A pretty Plea, His Wants to our Regard!
As if we Bloods had Bowels for a Bard!
Besides, what Men of Spirit, now-a-days,
Come to give sober Judgments of new Plays?
It argues some good Nature to be quiet—
Good Nature!—Ay—But then we lose a Riot.
The scribbling Fool may beg and make a Fuss,
'Tis Death to him—What then?—'Tis Sport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—For all my Fun and Jokes,
The Bard may find us Bloods, good-natur'd Folks?
No crabbed Criticks—Foes to rising Merit—
Write but with Fire—and we'll applaud with Spirit—
Our Author aims at no dishonest Ends,
He knows no Enemies, and boasts some Friends;
He takes no Methods down your Throats to cram it,
So if you like it, save it, if not—damn it.

* Blowing his Catcall.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

And spoken by Mrs. Pritchard.

AS the Success of Authors is uncertain,
Till all is over, and down drops the Curtain;
Poets are puzzled in our dangerous Times,
How to Address You in these After-Rhymes.
If they implore and beg, with abject Mind,
Their Meanness rather makes you sick than kind;
And if they bounce and buff it to the Town,
Then You are up—and take the Bullies down:
Of Beaux and Politicks and such like Stuff,
And ev'n of Tawdry too, you've had enough—
On all Degrees, from Courtier to the Cit,
Such stale dull Jokes have been so often writ,
That nothing can be new—but Decency and Wit.
Thus far our Bard—The rest is mine to say;
I am his Friend, so, will attack his Play.
How could his thoughtless Head with any Truth
(If Spanish Dons are like our English Youth)
Make his wild Rake so sink from upper Life,
To quit his Mistress, for a lawful Wife!
The Author might have married him—but then
He should have had his Mistress back again.
This is the Scheme our English Dons pursue,
Tho' One's too much, there's Taste in having Two.
As for the Lady—I dislike her Plan,
With You I'm sure, she had not pass'd for Man—
Had she with Our young Bloods contriv'd this Freak,
She had been blown and ruin'd in a Week.
And if of Virtue they could not have trick'd her,
They'd damn'd her for a Fool—perhaps have kick'd her.
But jest apart—for all our Bard has wrote,
Our most alluring Bait's the Petticoat.
Before that magic Shrine the proudest fall,
'Tis that enchanting Circle draws in all.
Let Fools say what they will, Experience Teaches,
'Tis best to marry first—then wear the Breeches.

Dramatis Personæ.

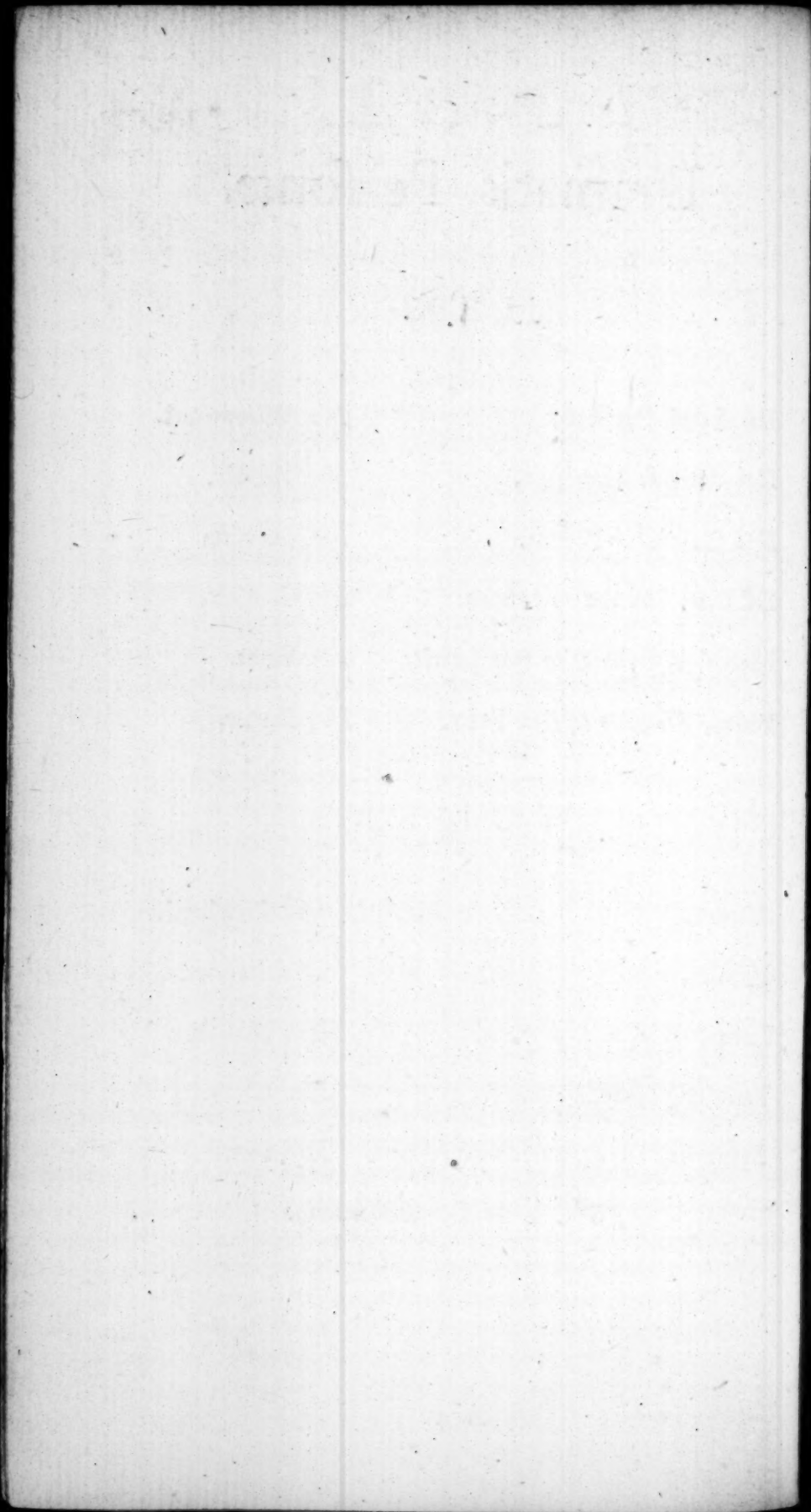
M E N.

<i>Don Lewis Pacheco,</i>	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
<i>Don Felix de Mendoza,</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Don Gabriel de Pedros,</i>	<i>Mr. Sowdon.</i>
<i>Gil Blas, Servant to Aurora,</i>	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>
<i>Melchior, Servant to Don Lewis,</i>	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
<i>Pedro, Servant to Don Felix,</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Aurora,</i>	<i>Mrs. Pritchard.</i>
<i>Ifabella,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bennet.</i>
<i>Laura, Woman to Aurora,</i>	<i>Miss Minors.</i>
<i>Beatrice, Ifabella's Maid,</i>	<i>Mrs. Cross.</i>
<i>Bernarda, one who lets Lodgings,</i>	<i>Miss Pitt.</i>

S C E N E, *Salamanca.*





GIL BLAS.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Apartment at Bernarda's.*

Enter Gil Blas, with a Portmanteau, and Bernarda.

Ber. **T**HIS is the Room, Signor——Here, here ! You may lay your Portmantua here. And now, young Man, you are welcome to *Salamanca*.

Gil. Thank you, thank you, Signora. A pleasant Sort of a Situation this ! My Master and I are not over nice ; if Things are neat, and the People handy about us, we may stay with you some Time.

Ber. I presume, Signor—but I never ask Questions.—What People have a Mind to tell, it would be rude not to hear, you know—But I presume you are come to pursue your Studies.

Gil. Very possibly, Signora. The Sciences are inviting Things ; and most likely we shall dabble a little before we go—But my Master, Signora—my Master may want you. He's horridly fatigu'd I'm afraid—

As for myself—the Conversation of an agreeable Woman to be sure—(*Bowing*) But I don't know how it is—this College Air has made me a little thoughtful.—I would be alone.

Ber. Nay, Signor, Heaven forbid that I should disturb you. We shan't fall out I believe. You look like a sober, discreet young Man—I'll attend your Master, and come back t' you presently. [*Exit.*]

Gil. And come back t' you presently !—What the Devil do these Women see in Me, that I always get into their good Graces so !—But now for a little thinking. From *Madrid* to *Salamanca* in eighteen Hours ! Why, what a Madcap is this Mistress of mine ! Here has she step'd into Breeches ; left her Friends in the Lurch ; trusted no one with her Secret ; and, with only her Woman and myself, posted to *Salamanca*. Can this be a Frolick ? No, faith. A hundred and eight Miles, and the worst Road in all *Spain*, is rather too much for a Frolick. Love then !—Ay, ay, Love must be the Thing. Let a mettled Girl but once get That into her Head, and the Labours of *Hercules* are no more than a Game at Romps to her. Love let it be then. But where's the Man ? There I confess my Sagacity is at Fault. And yet with a little Vanity now, I could be mighty unaccountable in my Guess. Says my Lady *Aurora* at *Madrid*—and she call'd me into her Room too—*Gil Blas*, can you be faithful ? Have you a Regard for your Mistress ? Will you fly with me to *Salamanca* ? I have a Secret that will surprize you. From the first Day to that I enter'd into her Service.—

Ber. (*Within*) Signor *Gil Blas* !

Gil. Who calls there ?—She distinguish'd me with Favours ; loaded me with Praises ; enquir'd into my Family ; lamented my Servitude ; admir'd my Address ; courted my good Opinion ; smil'd at me ; nodded at me ; wink'd at me—There must be some Meaning in all this.—

Ber. (*Within*) Signor *Gil Blas* ! Where are you, Signor *Gil Blas* ?

Gil.

Gil. Here ! here ! A Pox of your screamings !
What a delicious Dream has this Hag interrupted !

Re-enter Bernarda.

Ber. O, Signor ! are you here ? They told me you were gone down Stairs. Well to be sure ! this Master of yours—this Friend I mean.—

Gil. There you have hit it, Signora, you have hit it—But has he said any Thing of Me pray ?

Ber. Said any Thing ! why he talks of nothing else. Signora *Bernarda*, says he, take Care that *Gil Blas* be well treated. I have the greatest Regard for him. He is every Thing in the World to me.—

Gil. Gratitude, Signora ; only a little Gratitude for good Offices. I serve my Master with Advice, and he pays me with Friendship—that's all.

Ber. Well, how prettily was that said now ! But as I was saying—O, to be sure, he's a sweet Gentleman !—And there's Signor *Lopez* too.—

Gil. (*Aside.*) A Chambermaid in Breeches.

Ber. He may wear what Dress he pleases, but his Looks are too good for a Valet de Chambre. Some Man of Fashion, I suppose.

Gil. Of a very antient Family, Signora—a little reduc'd or so.

Ber. Poor Gentleman ! But he's happy in such a Friend. I had a Friend too, but he forsook me ; and so I'm reduc'd to let Lodgings. But let me tell you, young Man—(*The Bell rings, and Bernarda is call'd from within*) I never show a Room to any but People of Quality.

(*Within*) Signora *Bernarda* !

Ber. Nothing but Hurry in this House ! (*The Bell rings again*) Presently presently !—Your Master is a Man of Quality, I suppose ? But I ask no Questions.

Gil. Nor will give any Answers, I see. (*Angrily.*)

Ber. Don't be in a Passion, young Man. (*The Bell rings again*) Coming ! coming ! (*Exit.*)

Gil. (*Musing*) Take Care that *Gil Blas* be well treated—I have the greatest Regard for him—He is every Thing in the World to me—Those were the Words I think—But they meant nothing to be sure—Friendship perhaps

perhaps—a little of the Platonic or so—but no Love—not a Bit of that—And yet now I could fancy myself born to be a great Man. She call'd me to her yesterday at the Inn, and could not speak for Blushing—A soft Sign that!—We have another Lodging too in the next Street—Well, and what then?—Why only that Somebody's to be Master there.—If she should be really smitten with my Person and Understanding!—But a Pox on't, I have been making Love to the Chambermaid—What's to be done there? Her Lady must not be disturb'd. Jealousy's an unruly Passion—The Girl shall be provided for—Yes—she must be provided for.

Enter Laura in Boy's Clothes.

Lau. (*Slapping him on the Shoulder*) What are you thinking of, *Gil Blas*?

Gil. Oh, *Laura*!—Is it you?—How d'you do, Child?—I'm a little busy.

Lau. Hey-day! Is any Thing the Matter with you?

Gil. Why, look you, Child—When Men of Understanding withdraw themselves from Company, they are not to be broke in upon—People should allow 'em their thoughtful Moments.

Lau. Ha!—A Disorder in your Head, perhaps!—And so you don't love me?

Gil. A Citizen of the World must love every Body. We are all Links of the same Chain, *Laura*—But Times and Circumstances are subject to change—And so—in short—the World's a very fickle Sort of a World

Lau. Very fickle indeed—But I'm sorry you don't love me—I wanted to have made a Fool of you.

Gil. That's a Fib, *Hussy*. Gentlemen of my Appearance are not to be play'd Tricks with by Chambermaids. But a Word in your Ear, Child. I intend to show myself a little in *Salamanca*—And if the Ladies should happen to walk with their Eyes open—why, you must make yourself as easy as you can. Upon my Honour I'll come back, if I can't do better.

Lau. And upon my Honour, I'll forgive you if you can.

Gil.

Gil. But how does travelling agree with you, *Laura*?

Lau. Just as Loving does with You. I am tir'd.

Gil. Like enough, Faith. But how does Donna *Aurora*?

Lau. In as high Spirits as when she left *Madrid*. Ah,

Gil. Blas! if You lov'd Me, as well as I fancy She loves Somebody.—

Gil. Ha! has she said any Thing?

Lau. A Hint or so—But You are her Favourite, and to know all presently.

Gil. Hem! So I suppose, Child. No, no, to be sure it is not me. [*Aside, and strutting.*]

Lau. Hey-day! What does the Coxcomb swell at?

Gil. Hark you, *Laura*—If ever I live to be a great Man, you shall be provided for.

Lau. The Jackanapes! Why, you don't think my Lady *Aurora* in Love with You?

Gil. With me! in Love with me! Ha, ha, ha! Why should she be in Love with me? And yet stranger Things have happen'd, Child.

Lau. Is it possible the Fellow should be in earnest? [*Aside*] 'Tis mighty well, Sir—and so all your fine Promises are come to this!

Gil. Why, look you, Child—As to Promises—You shall be provided for—so don't cry.

Lau. The Gudgeon, what a Swallow he has! [*Aside.*]

Gil. What are you thinking of, *Laura*?

Lau. That you are a mercenary Wretch, and that my Eyes are open at last—Yes, yes, 'tis plain enough now, what we came to *Salamanca* for. [*Angrily.*] But will you really desert me, *Gil Blas*?

Gil. Desert you! What a Thought was there indeed! Don't I tell you, you shall be provided for? Your Lady shall be a Friend too. I have some Interest with her I believe. [*Strutting about.*] But mum! here she comes. Don't be a Fool and spoil all now.

Lau. I shall certainly die, if I don't laugh. [*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter Aurora, in Boy's Clothes, and Bernarda.

Aur. Nay, as for that, Signora, I don't dislike the Apartments—Hark you, *Gil Blas*—You must away to the other Lodgings for the small Pormanteau. And be sure you get every Thing in Readiness. But if you would oblige me, return immediately. I have a Secret for you of the last Importance—Remember to make Haste back. [*Apart.*]

Gil. Yes, Sir—If you would oblige me!—Last Importance!—Return immediately! (*Aside.*) I'll be back in a Moment, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Aur. For you, *Lopez*—I shall dress in a quarter of an Hour; so see that every Thing is in Readiness.

Lau. When you please, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Aur. But if Don *Lewis* should disappoint you, Signora!

Ber. He never disappoints me—His Baggage came Yesterday; and I expect him every Moment—Oh! he's the sweetest Gentleman! You'll be so happy together!

Aur. I have heard often of him. But they say he pursues the Ladies at *Salamanca* rather closer than his Studies.

Ber. Nay, as for that Matter—But I say nothing.—People that let Lodgings must not tell Tales. He's a sweet Nobleman, and may have his Gallantries for any Thing I know.

Aur. A good many I suppose. But you are to be trusted, Signora.

Ber. I thank Heaven, Sir. What one sees, one sees, you know—But Madam *Isabella* would not walk so proudly, if her Secret was not in safe keeping.

Aur. *Isabella*! O! I had forgot—Is not she?—

Ber. The old Advocate's Daughter, Sir. But Don *Lewis* may be mistaken.

Aur. D' you think so?

Ber. Nay, I think nothing, and say nothing. He may fancy he has her all to himself.—But it is not my Way to tell Tales.

Aur. Nor mine to ask Questions. We are the best met in the World for that, Signora. You can keep
Secrets,

Secrets, and I want to know none——Is she handsome?

Ber. Handsome!—She knows how to dress, Sir. But if a certain Person, that shall be nameless, did not neglect herself a little—Her Ladyship and I are pretty near of an Age I believe—She has a great Spirit tho'.

Aur. Has she such a Spirit?

Ber. The Devil of a Spirit, Sir—And then for Intrigue!——But I say Nothing.

Aur. And yet it vexes you that Don *Lewis* should be so deceiv'd.

Ber. There's the Thing, Sir. Why, he believes her as constant as a Turtle—But between you and me, I never lik'd his Friend Don *Gabriel*.

Aur. Has his Friend been false too?

Ber. It's no Business of mine, Sir—But People will talk. There have been strange Doings in Don *Lewis*'s Absence.—This *Gabriel*, you must know, is his Confidant with the Lady—But I have nothing to do with their Intrigues.

Aur. You talk like a discreet Woman, Signora.

Ber. I thank Heaven, Sir, for what I am. I live as you see; and let the best Lodgings in *Salamanca*. You are in a House of Reputation, Sir, and your Secrets will be safe.

Aur. So I see indeed. (*Aside.*) *Isabella* is not handsome then?

Ber. Nothing like it, Sir—A bad Woman too—a very bad Woman.

Aur. They don't think Don *Lewis* will marry her?

Ber. Out upon her! Marry her! No, no, he knows better; and besides, he's too wild a Spark to think of marrying any Body.

Aur. So I'm afraid, indeed. (*Aside.*) You shall introduce me to him, Signora.

Ber. By all Means, Sir. You will be the sweetest Company! But such Doings! Thank Heaven; I am not so young as I was!—For I have had my Temptations as well as others.

Aur. Ay, Signora; and have given 'em too, or I am mistaken.

Ber.

Ber. Nay, as to that—But I am turn'd of thirty—Would you think it, Sir?—I am turn'd of thirty—But I was always discreet.

Aur. You may thank Heaven indeed, Signora; for Discretion is not always a Woman's Virtue.

Re-enter Laura.

What now, *Lopez*?

Lau. Only for the Portmanteau, Sir.

Aur. Stay a Moment—I shall call for you by-and-by, Signora. (*To Bernarda.*) But be sure you come and tell me when Don *Lewis* arrives.

Ber. Heavens bless you both! But many an aking Heart will be left behind you in *Salamanca* (*Exit.*

Lau. And now what News, Madam?

Aur. Only that Don *Lewis* has a Mistress here.

Lau. A Score of 'em, I'll warrant you. Did you imagine he came hither only to study?

Aur. 'Tis We are come to study I'm afraid. (*Sighs.*) Ours is a wild Scheme, *Laura*.

Lau. Let it be successful, and no Matter.

Aur. You have not said any Thing to *Gil Blas*?

Lau. Not a Syllable, Madam; and for a particular Reason, I am glad on't.

Aur. What Reason, prithee?

Lau. Another Time, Madam. Here he comes.

Aur. Do you withdraw then, I am ashamed to let him into the Secret, but there's nothing to be done without him.

Lau. Ha! (*looking out.*) Let me die if the Fellow has not gone and powder'd himself. (*Aside and Exit.*

Enter Gil Blas, powder'd and dress'd, with a Portmanteau.

Aur. So soon return'd, and dress'd too, *Gil Blas*! But you are always expeditious.

Gil. To obey a Lady's Commands, Madam—and yours above all others. There's a Willingness in such Obedience, that turns Fatigue to Pleasure.

Aur. Why, you are an absolute Courtier, *Gil Blas*!—But I told you I had a Secret for you—Heigh! ho!—Come from the Door a little, and tell me if I may trust you.

Gil.

Gil. If you doubt me, Madam !—

Aur. No, *Gil Blas*, I think you have a Regard for me. I have found in you an Understanding above the Condition of a Servant ; and I know too, that by Birth and Education, you have a Right to better Employment. From this Moment you are my Friend. Will you be my Friend, *Gil Blas* !

Gil. Your faithful Servant for ever, Madam—and one that—I don't know—You have made me—But won't you go on, Madam ?

Aur. I know not how, *Gil Blas*—I am a Woman, and I find have all the Frailties of a Woman.

Gil. For Heaven's Sake !—

Aur. Yet why should Love be call'd a Frailty ?—— But then so rash a Love ! so forward ! so liable to Censure !— I blush to own the Folly I have been guilty of.

Gil. Is it my Condition, Madam ?—I am a Servant 'tis true—But then—Why let 'em censure—let 'em censure, Madam.——

Aur. I know you are to be trusted ; and it may lie in your Care and Secrefy to make me happy.

Gil. In mine, Madam !—To make You happy ?—Is it possible ?

Aur. Has *Laura* told you nothing ?

Gil. Not a Syllable——It was Matter of Diversion to her—But, says I, stranger Things have happen'd.—My Lady *Aurora*, says I.——

Aur. You could not guess 'it sure ?

Gil. She laugh'd at me only for hinting at it.

Aur. And what was your Hint ?

Gil. Nay, Madam, I am but a Servant—And till I know it from your own Lips.—

Aur. But you'll blame me I'm afraid—Nay all the World will blame me.

Gil. Love, Madam, is a great Leveller we all know—But where the Object is so very unworthy.—

Aur. Unworthy did you say ? Why unworthy ?

Gil. Not absolutely unworthy, I must needs own—But the Honour is so high, Madam.

Aur.

Aur. So high ! What mean you ?—He may have a few Faults of Youth perhaps—but his Virtues—

Gil. O, Lord, Madam !—

Aur. Nay, nay, he has a thousand Virtues.—

Gil. All of your own making indeed, Madam—But upon my Knees I conjure you ! (*Kneels*) open your whole Heart to me !—We'll fly to the farthest Corner of the World to hide your Blushes.

Aur. Nay, *Gil Blas*—If Don *Lewis* and I come together, there will be no great Need of blushing, or of hiding either.

Gil. Don *Lewis* did you say, Madam ? — Don *Lewis* ?

Aur. You seem surpriz'd, *Gil Blas* !

Gil. A little, Madam—I did not once think of Don *Lewis*, I must own.

Aur. Not think of him ! Who was it you did think of ?

Gil. I believe I was a little absent, Madam.

Aur. That's strange methinks ! Do you know Don *Lewis* ?

Gil. Don *Lewis Pacheco* ?

Aur. Ay.

Gil. I have seen him, Madam. Yes, yes, the Man's found at last.

Aur. Seen him ! You are strangely surpriz'd, *Gil Blas* !—But what I am going to tell you will surprize you more. (*Aside.*)

Gil. Nay, Madam, as to that—I can't be much more surpriz'd.

Aur. I have only seen him neither—I verily believe he does not so much as know me.

Gil. Indeed, Madam !

Aur. But from the Instant he caught my Eyes, I felt a Passion for him so strong, that all my Resolution since has not been able to conquer it. I told *Laura* of my Love.

Gil. *Laura*, Madam ! O, the Jade ! (*Aside.*)

Aur. Why not ? What Objection was there to *Laura*'s knowing it ?

Gil. Objection ! None at all, Madam—no Objection—Pray go on. *Aur.*

Aur. I told her of my Love, and bad her enquire into his Temper and Character. She acquitted herself so well, and brought me such flattering Accounts of him, that I grew desperate, and hearing he was immediately returning to *Salamanca* to finish his Studies, I determin'd, in this Disguise, to be here before him, and in the very House where he's to lodge. — But now comes my Scheme—Don't be so amaz'd till you have heard me out.

Gil. A little puzzled or so — But the Scheme by all Means, Madam.

Aur. My Brother, you know, was with the Army abroad; and has been too long absent from *Madrid* for Don *Lewis* to have any Knowledge of him — For this Reason I made bold to borrow his Name; and under the manly Appearance of Don *Felix de Mendoza*, I intend an intimate Acquaintance with Don *Lewis*—At the other Lodgings—

Gil. Ay, Madam, what then?

Aur. There I am to be myself — with *Laura* as my Duenna, just come from the Country in my Way to *Madrid*. Here I am Don *Felix* in Breeches — and There his Twin-Sister, Donna *Aurora*, in Petticoats. Here I shall talk to him of myself and There he shall be introduc'd to myself—D'you conceive me?

Gil. Perfectly, Madam. O, Love, Love, what Fools do you make of us! (*Aside.*) When do you expect him!

Aur. To-day—Every Moment. You look as if the Thing did not please you.

Gil. O, mightily, Madam! mightily indeed! — Philosophy I thank thee! I am coming to myself again. (*Aside.*) I like it — There's Spirit in it — and I'll assist you with my Life.

Aur. Thank you, *Gil Blas* — And whether we succeed or not, it shall be a Service you shan't repent of — But hush! — we are interrupted.

Enter

Enter Bernarda hastily, and Laura.

Ber. News! News, Sir! — I told you how 'twould be. The Don's arriv'd, and will kiss your Hands as soon as he is dress'd — Oh! such a Couple of you! — But I say nothing — only Heaven defend the poor Women in *Salamanca*!

Aur. And did you tell him, Signora — I mean, did you pay him my Compliments?

Ber. Did I? To be sure I did the very Instant I had Opportunity. He knows your Family perfectly, he says—

Aur. Ha!—

Ber. Tho' he has not the Honour to know *Dón Felix*.

Aur. Then all's well again. (*Aside.*)

Ber. No Matter — You'll be soon enough acquainted for Mischief, I'll warrant you.

Aur. Does he dine at Home?

Ber. If he can be honour'd with Your Company, he says. (*The Bell rings.*) Coming! Coming!

Aur. I'll certainly attend him. (*Bell rings again.*)

Ber. Coming, I say! — Nothing but Hurry in this House! [*Exit.*]

Lau. You look pale, Madam.

Aur. Sick, sick, *Laura*, quite sick! — Would I were at *Madrid* again!

Lau. Courage! Courage, Madam! What Despair of Victory before the Engagement! — Methinks *Gil Blas* looks a little pale too.

Gil. Oh! the Slut! (*Aside.*)

Aur. What's the Matter, *Gil Blas*?

Gil. With me, Madam? Nothing in the World, Madam. I was thinking that — only a little concern'd to see you so out of Spirits.

Lau. Ha, ha, ha! And so the Story took a wrong Turn! (*Apart to Gil Blas*)

Gil. Hark you, Hussy — One Word to your Mistress, and I desert the Cause. (*Apart.*)

Aur.

Aur. Nay, nay, no Whispering. We have not Time. Is every Thing ready in my Room? (*To Laura.*) I must in, and dress this Moment. Would this Meeting were well over! for I have but a Woman's Heart after all.

Lau. Never fear, Madam. He does not know Don Felix.

Aur. The Certainty of that gives me some Hopes.

Gil. Every Thing must depend upon your own Behaviour, Madam.

Aur. For which Reason, you, *Gil Blas*, are from this Instant to converse with Don *Felix* with all the impertinent Freedom of a favourite Servant.

Gil. Very well, Madam—Most noble Don *Felix*, I'm your Slave.

Lau. Why, there now!—How easy my Lady has made your Part!—And yet how the Man looks! Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. No Laughing, I beseech you—By which Means, whenever you see me disconcerted, you can turn the Discourse, and give me Time to recover. The same good Turn, you *Laura*, can do Don *Felix*'s Sister, in the watchful Office of her Duenna.

Gil. Right, Madam—And she'll become the Office admirably.

Lau. I'll assure you, Sir!

Aur. I see t'will do—My Spirits are returning!

Gil. But still he must see you again and again.

Aur. Perhaps not—But to guard against the worst, run immediately to the Inn, and order three post Horses to be kept ready saddled, that we may vanish the very Instant we see Occasion.

Gil. The very Thing, Madam!—I'll go immediately.

Aur. You must be back to wait at Dinner tho'.

Gil. Without Fail.

Aur. And now to equip myself for the Field of Battle! Come, *Laura*. [Exit.]

Lau. Ha, ha, ha! Pluck up a little Courage, Man,—and don't look so disconsolate. Things did go a little wrong to be sure—But I won't tell. [Exit, and re-enters.]

re-enters.] And yet, upon second Thoughts, if Don Lewis and my Lady should happen to disagree, — who knows but—However, we'll talk of that another Time.

[*Exit, laughing.*]

Gil. So, so! I have fool'd myself to some Tune — Oh, Vanity! Vanity! — A Canker upon this Tongue of mine for blabbing to *Laura* — I was to provide for her with a Pox! — Now will she betray me to her Mistress, and add a thousand Lies by Way of Decoration. I can't stand it — No — I'll e'en steal off, and leave 'em to shift for themselves — But hold! hold! Will that be honourable? Has not my Lady *Aurora* trusted me with her Secret? — And won't she stand in Need of my Advice? — But then to stay and be the But of a Chambermaid! — That stings — No — it is not in Philosophy to bear that — But hold again! Does my Lady know what an Ass I have been? Why, no — Ay, but then this *Laura*! The Secret's too good to be kept, that's certain — Well! 'Tis but denying it, and the Matter at least remains doubtful. I must humour her, and pretend Love to her — Ay, ay, that will do. *Aurora* must be serv'd — I have promis'd, and will perform — So now I am myself again.

Enter Melchior, brushing a Hat, and singing.

Mel. Not a Petticoat fring'd, or the Heel of a Shoe,
Ever pass'd me by Day-light, but at it I flew.

Gil. I should know that Voice sure.

Mel. *Gil Blas*!

Gil. What, *Melchior*! — my old Friend and Companion at *Toledo*!

Mel. And as hearty as ever, Boy — Kifs me.

Gil. But what in the Devil's Name brought you hither?

Mel. A Partiality for the Sciences. I was always of a thoughtful Turn, you know — mightily addicted to be wise — And so my Master and I are come hither to finish our Studies.

Gil. And who may be your Master pray?

Mel.

Mel. The noble Don *Lewis Pacheco* — And we live as merry as the Morning Lark, Boy — But what Service are You in, *Gil Blas*? for I see you wear the Badge still.

Gil. A Whim, *Melchior* — only a Whim. I live in Friendship with Don *Felix de Mendoza*. Your Master and he and I are to be very intimate.

Mel. *Gil Blas*!

Gil. Ha!

Mel. Why, they have not cur'd you. Do you remember old Stories?

Gil. Ay; and have learnt Philosophy enough to laugh at 'em — But come, a History! a History! — I must know your Adventures, *Melchior*.

Mel. Would not a Glass of *Malaga* do better before Dinner?

Gil. Your Adventures first, if you please, Sir.

Mel. Faith, as for Adventures, a few trifling Services, and as few trifling Intrigues, make up the whole Catalogue — in *Spain* I mean — But I have been in *England*, Boy.

Gil. In *England*! And do they live there as we do?

Mel. Ay, and die there as You may do — My Master and I had like to have dy'd there — A Pox upon the People! If a Man would live by his Wits among 'em, he must die by the Law.

Gil. And who was that Master, pray?

Mel. His Name d'you mean — Oh! a great Count I'll assure you — A most finish'd Gentleman. One that could travel the World over, and carry his Fortune in his Fingers — Presto! begone! — And snap, a Nobleman's Purse is in your own Pocket.

Gil. And how were you receiv'd in *England*?

Mel. Oh! Faith, mighty well. To do 'em Justice, the *English* are a very good Sort of People. If you don't dive too deep into their Pockets, they are mighty fond of having them pick'd by Strangers.

Gil. But what Company did you keep?

Mel. The best you may be sure. We had a Passport to all the People of Rank.

Gil. And what was that?

Mel.

Mel. Play, my Boy — the Key to every great Man's Door in *England*. Sometimes indeed, Merit, Title, or Fortune may introduce a Stranger to Notice — but the surest Recommendation is Play—Do but play deep, and you rank with the best of 'em.

Gil. But their Women, *Melchior*! — How are their Women?

Mel. Why, that's a Question I can hardly answer — We marry'd a few of them— They are mighty fond of Strangers, you must know — But we did not live long enough with our Wives, to make a Trial of their Tempers.

Gil. You are a great Rogue, *Melchior*.

Mel. Ay, *Gil Blas*; if Your Honesty was but equal to My Knavery, I should have a pretty good Opinion of you. But, Faith, I am naturally honest—I do but copy my Masters.

Gil. You must mend, Sir, you must — And I don't care if I go in with you, and drink a Glas to your Reformation.

Mel. And to the Reformation of our Masters; for if yours is such a Wencher as mine, we shall have but bad Examples.

Gil. We must set 'em then, we must set 'em — so come along—I can stay but a Moment tho'—You are a great Rogue, a great Rogue, *Melchior*.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *continues.*

Enter Gil Blas, and Laura in Boys Clothes.

Gil. **N**othing but Jollity all Dinner-time — And then such Professions of Friendship, and such Schemes for Raking! — Faith, to my Mind tho', my Lady *Aurora*'s the cleverer Fellow of the two.

Lay.

Lau. At her Tongue you mean. But what have they talk'd about?

Gil. Wenching. What should they talk about? The Devil's in these Women, when they step into Breeches—She has boasted of such Exploits!—I was forc'd to give her a Nod now and then to hold her Hand; for Don *Lewis* will certainly smoak the Woman by her Want of Conscience.

Lau. I'll assure you, Saucebox! — But how did you feel yourself, *Gil Blas*? — Did not the Sight of Don *Lewis* discompose you?

Gil. Nay, prithee now—

Lau. Only a little—Come, come, confess.

Gil. Have you no Mercy, Huffy?

Lau. Ha, ha, ha! — Stay till I have done laughing; and perhaps I may find a little — But hark you, *Gil Blas*! If Matters had turn'd out as you and I shrewdly suspected, would you really have provided for me.

Gil. Will the Wench never have done? — Zounds! can't a Man mistake? *Humanum est errare* — There's Latin for you, you Slut — and the Meaning on't is, that a very wise Man may be an Afs sometimes.

Lau. And so fine a Scholar too! — That's a Pity — But you love me again now, I suppose?

Gil. Most violently, by this Hand. (*Taking her Hand.*) Nay, prithee, don't be coy—'Twas but a little Slip from Virtue. Has your Virtue never made a Slip, Child?

Lau. Not that you shall know of, Sir. But how if I should suffer you to kneel to me once more? — Ah! *Gil Blas*! These Women of Quality will never let you alone, I'm afraid.

Gil. You won't have done then? — One Word more and I vanish.

Lau. Ha, ha, ha! — Come, I have done, I have done — Here's my Hand upon't.

Gil. And mine — You must swear first tho', never even to think of what an Afs I have been. I have been an Afs, *Laura*, and there's an End on't.

Lau. Agreed, agreed — And now you shall gallant me to the other Lodgings.

Gil. But not a Word to my Lady — That's the first Part of the Condition.

Lau. And the second—

Gil. That the Laugh's out, and I hear no more on't — So away, away—For I must be back in a Moment.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene draws and discovers Don Lewis and Aurora over a Bottle.

D. L. Ha, ha, ha! And so the Brother would not fight?

Aur. He did not like me, I believe, I wore a Cockade in my Hat, and had seen some Service, you know. I was reckon'd pretty good at a home Thrust too—And these are Circumstances your modern fine Gentlemen don't relish so well.

D. L. But what said the old Banker, her Father?

Aur. There's a Form, you know, for Fathers upon such Occasions—A Form I ought to remember I'm sure; for I have had it repeated to me by thirty or forty of 'em. It runs pretty much in this Manner — Sir, you have ruin'd my Daughter, and dishonour'd my Family — A Family, Sir!—And so on—a good deal about the Family—And for a Conclusion, you must make Amends by Marriage.

D. L. And you answer'd in Form too, I suppose?

Aur. By a short Negative, and a low Bow — And so the Affair ended.

D. L. But what became of the Girl?

Aur. She stole to me the next Day, and cry'd a little — But I am a bitter bad Comforter—I can't bear to see a Woman in Distress — Besides, I was so engag'd with half a Dozen of her Acquaintance, that I could not ask her to sit down. You may find her in a Nunnery, I suppose, counting her Beads, and weeping over the Vanities of the World—Those Nunneries are vastly oblig'd to such Rakes as you and me, Don Lewis.

D. L. Faith, I think so — But you give no Quarter I see.

Aur.

Aur. Yes, always—For I never pursue, after the Engagement's over — But what's to be done here? I can't drink—I told you I never drink.

D. L. But I must, I suppose—Unless you make me a second in your Engagements.

Aur. Nay, nay, that won't do — I must fight under your Generalship in *Salamanca*.

D. L. Faith, not under mine. I am a mere Husband in Love. If I have a Mistress that can be faithful, I pitch my Tent there, and cry Peace to all the World.

Aur. Till she has cloy'd you, I suppose. You have a Mistress then?

D. L. Ay—and a kind one.

Aur. And her Name is—*Isabella*.

D. L. Ha! — Do you deal with the Devil, Don *Felix*?

Aur. A small Agent of his—I'll go and tell her you are coming.

D. L. Hold! hold, Sir! — Are you acquainted with her?

Aur. No, Faith—not yet.

D. L. Who told you of her?

Aur. Has she a Sister? Or will you introduce me to her Maid? I can cry Hem from the Garret, if the old Advocate comes.

D. L. If the old Advocate comes! Did not you tell me, you arriv'd here only this Morning?

Aur. About half an Hour before you.

D. L. And so knowing already?

Aur. In Amours only — But I'll unriddle — I'll unriddle. You commended my Fellow, that waited upon us at Dinner. That Fellow has more Intelligence than the Inquisition—I'll pit him for a Secret, against all the Priests in *Spain*. He knows of your Friend Don *Gabriel* too.

D. L. He knows no Ill of him, I'm sure.

Aur. Only that he's your Confidant with *Isabella*.

D. L. And the most faithful in the World. Don *Gabriel* is a Gentleman of Family, tho' without Fortune; a Man of Probity and Honour. I sent to him

this Morning—I wonder he is not come yet. You shall be acquainted with him.

Aur. I thank you, Sir. And does he visit *Isabella* in your Absence?

D. L. Constantly. He's my Ambassador to her.

Aur. 'Tis a nice Trust methinks. I am for no Seconds with a Mistress.

D. L. You'll be of another Mind, when you know him.

Aur. May be so—But don't mistake me—I only tell you that *Gil Blas* is in your Secret—Where he got it, I don't know.

D. L. From the Devil I suppose, or *Isabella's* Maid. I know of none else that could tell him — But can he keep as well as find?

Aur. From every body but his Master. He's the most faithful Fellow living. I do nothing without him.

D. L. Mine is such a Sot, I dare not send him upon a common Message. Will you lend me yours, for a Note to *Isabella*?

Aur. Ha!—Ay—Or I'll go myself—Won't that be as well?

D. L. For the Lady perhaps—

Aur. Nay, if you doubt my Honesty — Who waits there? *Gil Blas*!

Enter Gil Blas.

Gil. Did you call, Sir?

Aur. Ay, Don *Lewis* has Employment for you — And, d'you hear, Sir? — The best Service you can do your Master, will be your Faithfulness to his Friend.

D. L. You are very obliging, Don *Felix*.

Gil. And what are your Honour's Commands, Sir?

D. L. Only to deliver a Letter. You are a sly Rogue, *Gil Blas*.

Aur. Ask if it is not to *Isabella*. (*Apart to Gil Blas.*)

Gil. To Madam *Isabella*, I suppose?—Hem!

D. L.

D. L. A devilish fly Rogue——But remember, Sir, that the Secret goes no farther. I shall find you here, Don *Felix*?——A short Note will do.

Aur. As long a one as you please. I am not going out you know. [*Exit Don Lewis.*]

Gil. What Secret's this, Madam? And who is *Isabella*?

Aur. A Mistress of Don *Lewis*; an Advocate's Daughter in Town. *Bernarda* told me of her; but I have given you the Merit of the Discovery, to bring you into Employment. If he sounds you about it, pretend to know every Thing, and say nothing.

Gil. I'll warrant you. But am I to deliver the Letter, Madam?

Aur. By all Means: and to act honestly by Don *Lewis*.

Gil. Honestly, Madam!

Aur. Ay, honestly——That's your Cue at present.

Gil. Nay, with all my Heart. Any Thing for the Good of the Cause.

Aur. And bring me an Account of the Lady——of her Person and Wit——how old she is——with what other Intelligence you can get.

Gil. I'll do't, Madam——But how go Matters here?

Aur. Just as you saw at Dinner——All Friendship and Confidence. I shall tell him of *my* Sister presently. Is *Laura* at the other Lodgings?

Gil. And dress'd for the Duenna, Madam.

Aur. Hush! here comes Don *Lewis*.

Re-enter Don Lewis.

D. L. There, Sir. (*Giving a Letter to Gil Blas.*) You see the Directions——But remember that *Isabella's* the Daughter, and not the Father——My Fellow would have needed the Caution, I'm sure?

Gil. And so, if the Daughter is from Home, I may leave it with the Father, Sir. (*Bowing.*)

Aur. Right, *Gil Blas*——But you need not fear him. (*To D. Lewis.*) Is he to deliver it into her own Hands?

D. L. Or to her Maids. He'll be call'd up, if the Old Fellow is abroad—You are to be My Servant, Sir.

Gil. Hir'd at *Madrid*, the Day before your Honour set out—For Women will ask Questions—I'll fly, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

D. L. A lively Fellow this! — But you look grave, *Don Felix*—Nothing has happen'd I hope?

Aur. The Devil and all has happen'd. I am sentenc'd to Sobriety and Penance for a whole Week — I have a Sister come to Town.

D. L. A Sister —How d'you hear it?

Aur. From *Gil Blas*. He met her Servant it seems, who told him she was just come, and intended staying a Week.

D. L. And what brought her hither?

Aur. Sisterly Love and Kindness to be sure. She's returning to *Madrid* from a country Visit, and has taken *Salamanca* in her Way.

D. L. To pass a Week with her Brother—And does this vex you?—Is she handsome?

Aur. Hum!—very like me.

D. L. Nay, then she must be handsome — Younger than you?

Aur. About a Minute. We are Twins you must know.

D. L. And when d'you visit her?

Aur. This Moment. She'll take it ill else. Hang her! the Jade's good Company enough; but she thinks me a Rake, and I hate to be tutor'd.

D. L. Shall I attend you?

Aur. No. She'll fall in Love with you; and I design her for a Nunnery.

D. L. A Nunnery! I must see her then.

Aur. But *Isabella* will expect you.

D. L. Not till the Evening. The old Dragon's never secure till then.

Aur. And so you insist upon seeing her? Come along then— And yet, now I think on't, I won't go. Could not you and I sta t better Game this Afternoon?

D. L. Nay, did not you promise me? — I must and will see her.

Aur.

Aur. You must and will!—Why, then so you shall. But take Care of yourself; for she may play the Devil with you.

D. L. Say you so?—But I'll venture.

Aur. To St. Mark's then — You must be my Guide. But she'll be indispos'd, I'm afraid. (*Aside. Exeunt.*)

S C E N E *changes to Isabella's.*

Enter Don Gabriel, and Isabella:

Isa. This Morning! Did he arrive this Morning? And why have not I heard from him? But You are his Friend, Don Gabriel—He has sent to You, I suppose?

D. G. Only a Message about an Hour ago, that he desir'd to see me; but I pretended not to be at Home, that I might give You Notice of his Arrival. If I might advise you, 'twere best not to see him.

Isa. Not see him! Why not see him? Dress up a Tale to him, do—and tell him I have deceiv'd him. The Wretch that can betray his Friend, will be black enough for any Thing.

D. G. Ay, rail at me, and be a Woman. But I have advis'd you for the best. Don Lewis has slighted you. Possession has cloy'd him—Or if it has not—a divided Heart will satisfy neither of us. I'll share you with no Man.

Isa. Nor shall you, Sir. Who told you of a divided Heart? Don Lewis has it all. My Person indeed has been yours—And what then? I took you for my Convenience—the Proxy of Don Lewis—I was form'd for Pleasure, and will pursue it—Therefore no more of this. I'll see Don Lewis—Nay, if you oppose me, I'll tell him of my own Falshood, that he may punish yours.

D. G. You have sworn to live for Me.

Isa. Tell it to Don Lewis then; and plead your Right in me to Him—Do this, and I am yours.

D. G. I dare do more, Madam.

Isa. 'Tis false. Your Dependance is upon his Bounty—Nay, and upon mine too—Therefore no more of this.

D. G. You will see him then?

Isa. I will—and you shall be my Messenger. Go to him as he desires—and tell him with what Eagerness I expect him—'Tis your Employment, Sir.

D. G. Can this be *Isabella*?

Isa. Ay, Don *Lewis's* *Isabella*. Go to him this Moment, and tell him I languish for him. But remember, Sir, if I hear a Hint from him to my Dishonour, I'll sacrifice you to my Revenge, tho' the Town should ring of me.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. Not so loud, Madam, not so loud! Here's a Letter from Don *Lewis*——The Servant will overhear you.

Isa. I care not if he does. Shew him up Stairs.

(Opens, and reads the Letter to herself.)

D. G. Is it the old Servant?

Bea. No, a Stranger.

D. G. I'll not be seen then.

Isa. Your Heart fails you, does it?—But you may have the Pleasure of listening from the next Room.

D. G. I scorn the Employment, Madam. My Care is for You. *[Exit.*

Isa. Shew up the Servant, I say. *(Exit Beatrice, and returns with Gil Blas)* Do you serve Don *Lewis*, Sir?

Gil. I hope so, Madam. 'Tis my Endeavour to serve every body.

Isa. I mean, are you his Servant?

Gil. Why, as to that, Madam——there's no hiding the Disgrace——I am but a Servant.

Isa. Is Don *Lewis* your Master, I ask?

Gil. If I like him upon another Week's Trial, Madam.

Bea. Oh, Sir! he'll give you double Wages for your Wit——

Isa.

Isa. And treble for your Manners. You are just come to him then?

Gil. Just going to him, Madam—If I can carry an Answer to his Letter.

Isa. Is this your natural Humour, Sir — Or is it put on to shew your Parts? But you shall have an Answer presently. Get me my Writing things, Beatrice—Stay—I'll go into my Closet. You can wait a Moment I suppose?

Gil. An Age, Madam—if my Master would not be impatient. (*Exeunt Isabella and Beatrice.*) A Woman of Spirit, Faith! — I heard a Man's Voice tho', I'll swear;—and high Words too. If it was not for my Fears now, I should be prying into that Room—One Peep however. (*Going to the Door.*) No. Philosophy says, keep your Head out of a Horner's Nest. A Man there was, and that's enough. I don't mightily love Mischief — But Don *Lewis* must know of this — My Lady must be told too, that *Isabella's* handsome — If it should happen to fret 'em a little — Why, I have been fretted too — 'Tis but turning the Tables — I have been the Fool of the Morning—and They may chance to be the Fools of the Afternoon—Every one in his Turn.

Re-enter Isabella.

Isa. There, Sir! deliver that to your Master. (*Gives him a Letter.*) You may tell him too how witty you have been.

Gil. It is not my Way to boast, Madam. Men of real Talents never do that — But I shall deliver your Letter, Madam. A fine-made Woman, and a great—Hem!

[*Aside, and Exit.*]

Isa. Beatrice! Shew the Gentleman down Stairs.

Re-enter Don Gabriel.

Well, Sir! what say you now?

D. G. That I have thought better of the Affair. May I see Don *Lewis's* Letter, Madam?

Isa. No. 'Tis in a Style you won't like.

D. G. Your own was to appoint him here, I presume?

Isa. At five, Sir. You had best stay and meet him.

D. G. No, Madam; I'll hasten to his Lodgings.

Isa. Do so — And remember what I told you — One Hint to my Disadvantage, and your Ruin is inevitable.

D. G. You may depend upon me — and so farewell. Damn'd, deceitful Woman! [*Aside, and Exit.*]

Isa. The blustering, cringing Hypocrite! I hate him. But now to prepare for Don Lewis. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to Bernarda's.*

Enter Don Lewis, and Aurora.

Aur. Hang her! — 'Twas only an Air — Fatigu'd, and indispos'd, and a Parcel of Cant! — I was a Fool to send your Name in.

D. L. No, Faith — 'twould not have been fair else. A Brother may be admitted without Ceremony; but there's a Decorum to be observ'd with Strangers.

Aur. A Decorum! — Pshaw! — Her Cap was rumpled perhaps — or she had not nipt her Eye-brows to-Day — Decorum! These Prudes are the Devil. But if *Isabella* does not engage you for the Evening, shall we see you at Coffee?

D. L. With all my Heart — Here comes *Gil Blas*.

Enter Gil Blas.

Well, Sir, did you see her?

Gil. So the Maid said, Sir — But whether 'twas really *Isabella*, or not, I can't be certain. She was a devilish fine Woman tho'.

D. L. And what said she to my Letter?

Gil. Not a Syllable Sir. She ask'd a few Questions relating to myself, as I was a Stranger. Women, you know, are apt to be inquisitive when they meet with Strangers.

D. L.

D. L. You are arch, Sir!

Gil. Oh, Sir! nothing to what I was with her—I was quite whimsical.

D. L. And when am I to see her?

Gil. That, Sir, is more than I know — She did not open her Lips about that.

D. L. She read my Letter sure?

Gil. Not that I saw, Sir.

Aur. Why, this is a strange Account, Don Lewis!

D. L. He has mistaken the House. *Isabella* could not behave so.

Aur. She had Company perhaps.

Gil. Not that I know of, Sir. I heard a Gentleman's Voice indeed — but he was closetted before I had the Honour of Admittance.

D. L. Are you in Jest, or Earnest, *Gil Blas*?

Gil. Between both, Sir.

D. L. In Earnest then, what was her Answer to my Letter?

Gil. Faith, Sir, I can't tell. She gave it me seal'd up—and I had not the Curiosity to open it. This is her Answer, Sir. (*Gives him a Letter.*)

D. L. Mighty well, Sir! Do you serve your Master in this Manner? (*Reads to himself.*)

Aur. Ha, ha, ha! You must bear with him, Don Lewis—'Tis always the Rogue's Prologue to a successful Message.

Gil. A Way of sweetening good News, Sir. I hope your Honour will pardon me.

D. L. Nay, Sir, if you play your Tricks upon your Master, I have no Right to complain. But you talk'd of hearing a Man in her Chamber—That was carrying the Jest too far, Sir.

Gil. If I had invented it, Sir—But a Man there was, that's certain.

D. L. And closetted when you came in?

Gil. I can't swear as to the closetting—There may be a Back-stairs for any Thing I know.

D. L. But you heard a Man's Voice? That you are sure of?

Gil. Upon my Honour, Sir.

Aur.

Aur. And where's the Harm if he did?

D. L. The Harm! The Harm is in her concealing him.

Aur. A Trifle!—Your Friend *Don Gabriel* perhaps.

D. L. No—my Friend would not have hid himself. He visits her at my Desire.

Aur. Are you to see her this Evening?

D. L. She appoints me at five; and then but for an Hour or two—Her Father's expected.

Aur. Will you sup at my Sister's then?

D. L. If my Mind's at Ease, and you tell me 'twill be proper.

Enter Melchior, with Don Gabriel.

Mel. *Don Gabriel*, Sir. [Exit with *Gil Blas*.]

D. L. My Friend!

D. G. My dear *Don Lewis*! Welcome to *Salamanca* again!

D. L. *Don Felix de Mendoza* — A Gentleman whose Acquaintance has done me Honour.

[Introducing *Don Gabriel* to *Aurora*.]

D. G. Once more, my dear *Lewis*, welcome to *Salamanca*! But there are fairer Arms that want to hold you.

D. L. Are you sure of that, *Don Gabriel*?

D. G. Why that Question?—and with so grave a Face too? Have you any Cause to doubt it?

D. L. I think not. When saw you the Lady?

D. G. You look strangely serious, methinks — Have you heard of any Thing?

D. L. Nay, Faith, I am no Keeper of Secrets. I sent to her just now by *Don Felix's* Servant — She desires to see me indeed—There's her Letter. (*Gives him a Letter.*) But the Fellow swears to her concealing a Man in the Room.

D. G. Ha, ha, ha! And is this what has vex'd you?

D. L. And with Reason too.

D. G. Oh, to be sure! But how if I was that Man?

D. L. No—You would not have hid yourself.

D. G.

D. G. Ay, there's the Puzzle now—You are not jealous of me?

D. L. No, Faith. But what need of hiding?

D. G. Because I heard a Knocking at the Door, and thought 'twas the Advocate. I was soon undeceiv'd indeed; but as the Servant was a Stranger, and I could not conjure that he was yours, 'twas the wisest Way to keep where I was—At least I thought so.

Aur. The Jealousy of these Lovers! How are you now, Don *Lewis*?

D. L. Cur'd—quite cur'd—But my Time's come I believe. (*Looking at his Watch.*) Shall I set you down, Don *Gabriel*?

D. G. Unless Don *Felix* pleases to command me.

Aur. I thank you, Sir; but I was just going out. You know where you are to sup, Don *Lewis*? We may expect you at Seven I suppose! Another Night I shall desire the Company of your Friend.

D. L. No Ceremony I beg. You may possibly see me before Seven—And so Adieu!—My Compliments to the Lady.

D. G. Sir, Your most humble Servant. [*Exit, with Don Lewis.*]

Aur. Your most obedient, Sir—*Gil Blas*!

Enter Gil Blas.

Did you observe the Face of Don *Gabriel*? Is not there a good deal of the Rogue in't?

Gil. There's a good deal of t'other Thing in *Isabella*'s I know.

Aur. There was a Man in the Room it seems.

Gil. I'll be sworn to it. Was it not Don *Gabriel*?

Aur. Ay. He was forc'd to own it; but endeavour'd to carry it off with a Laugh. With a little of your Address, *Gil Blas*, we shall be able to make Discoveries that he won't like.

Gil. I'll warrant you, Madam. But I wish I had not gone with that Letter—It has lower'd my Spirits I think.

Aur. Why so pray?

Gil. *Isabella*'s so confounded handsome.

Aur.

Aur. Handsome !—I have heard a different Account of her.

Gil. And such an Understanding too !—But then for Beauty, I never saw any Thing like it.

Aur. The Creature may be tolerable I suppose—
How should she carry on her Trade else ?

Gil. Here she came smiling into the Room, Madam—twirling a Lock of her Hair—These were her Motions—so graceful ! so majestick !—I had not Courage to say a Word to her.

Aur. You can talk enough now methinks.

Gil. Who I, Madam ?— Yes, yes, I thought how 'twould be. (*Aside.*) I am sorry to offend, Madam— but you desir'd a particular Account of her. Her Shape indeed, if one had a Mind to find Fault—

Aur. Is crooked I suppose.

Gil. Rather too delicate, Madam. I am for something a little plumper—But then 'tis perfectly easy— I never saw any Thing so easy.

Aur. You are a very fine Judge, Sir !

Gil. To be sure I did not expect to see such a Woman— But if we can detect her with Don Gabriel.—

Aur. Ay, that's the Thing !—How old is she ?

Gil. There's the Comfort, Madam— Quite young.—We shall have the less Cunning to deal with.

Aur. I thought she had been turn'd of Thirty.

Gil. Nineteen next October—So her Maid told me.—Lord, Madam ! we shall be too hard for so young a Creature I'll warrant you.

Aur. I wonder what makes me so out of Spirits.

Gil. The Weather perhaps. It has been cloudy all Day.

Aur. I believe it is the Weather.

Gil. No doubt on't, Madam—I wish it had the same Effect upon *Isabella*—I never saw such Spirits since I was born

Aur. We'll talk no more of her. (*Angrily.*) 'Tis doing her too much Honour. You must away with Me to the other Lodgings. Don *Leavis* will be there at Seven ; and I have but just Time to change my Dress.

Gil.

Gil. And how are we to manage, Madam?

Aur. You shall be instructed there—Heigh-ho!—I wish my Spirits were a little better.

Gil. No Matter, Madam. You are to be fatigu'd with your Journey, you know—A little of *Isabella's* Spirits tho', would not be amiss.

Aur. I told you we'd talk no more of her—I hate the Creature—so come along, Sir. [Exit.]

Gil. Yes, yes, the Tables are turn'd. But I have been an unmerciful Dog, that's the Truth on't. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E, *Aurora's other Lodgings.*

Enter Laura, dress'd as a Duenna, and Gil Blas.

Lau. **K** E E P your Distance, young Man; and pray learn that Gentlemen of My Years and Discretion are not to be pull'd and haul'd about by the Fellows.

Gil. The Jade's really old, and does not know it: (*Aside.*) Nay, good Madam Gravity, one Kiss, if it be but by Way of Blessing. (*Kisses her.*)

Lau. There then—But these are Favours you must not expect often. I demean myself by admitting Servants to Familiarities.

Gil. Faith, *Laura*, you act it mighty well—and let me tell you too, the Dress becomes you better than you think it does.

Lau. You are always flattering me, *Gil Blas*.

Gil. No, Faith, not always. I have not said a Word of your Youth and Beauty these two Days.

Lau. That's because you have look'd higher, you know—But mum!—

Gil.

Gil. I'll scamper to *Madrid*, 'Hussy.

Lau. Pshaw! 'Twas only Inadvertency—I did not mean any Thing. You remember your Instructions, if *Don Lewis* comes?

Gil. If you would not put them out of my Head, you Slut.

Lau. 'Twas a Mistake I tell you. Is not it Seven? My Lady has been a Woman this half Hour.

A Knocking at the Door.

Hark! This is certainly *Don Lewis*——To your Post! Your Post, Sir!

Gil. In a Moment, in a Moment—But be sure you slip round the back Way, and knock at the Door, bang, bang. [Exit.]

Knocking again, Laura opens the Door.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. L. If I am not mistaken, Madam, these are the Lodgings of *Donna Aurora*. Pray is *Don Felix* here?

Lau. He was here a few Minutes ago, Sir; but was call'd out upon Business. His Servant is within; and if Your Name is *Don Lewis*, I believe he has a Message for you.

D. L. My Name is *Lewis*, Madam.

Lau. I'll call the Servant, Sir. [Exit.]

D. L. Call'd out upon Business! This is a little odd methinks: But here comes *Gil Blas*.

Enter Gil Blas.

Where's your Master, Sir?

Gil. This Moment gone out, Sir. An Express from *Madrid* has brought him a whole Bundle of Dispatches. I believe Matters are going a little wrong at Court; for he look'd devilishly political upon reading his Papers.

D. L. Did he leave no Commands for me?

Gil. Yes, Sir; that he'd be back in a few Minutes; and that he had desir'd my Lady *Aurora* to entertain you. Her *Duenna* is just gone to tell her, Sir. I believe she's hardly dress'd yet——I'll go and enquire.

D. L.

D. L. You need not hurry yourself. Your Master will return in a few Minutes, you say—and Donna Aurora knows already that I am here.

A Knocking at the Door.

Gil. I knew he would not stay, Sir. (*Opens the Door, and looks out.*) Ha!—well, and what say You?—You knock with Authority methinks!—It is not my Master, Sir; but a Messenger from him. I'll attend you in a Moment. (*Exit, shutting the Door after him.*)

D. L. Hark!—By all this Rustling of Silk now, this should be the Lady—and here she comes—A delicate Creature by my Soul!—and her Duenna with her!—A little prudish, or so—But no Matter—I can be as prudish as she.—

Enter Aurora, in Women's Clothes, and Laura.

This is so obliging, Madam—But I'm afraid my abrupt Appearance, in the Absence of Don Felix, will carry more of Curiosity than Respect with it—If so, Madam.—

Aur. No Apology, I beg, Sir. My Brother has desired me to detain you. I expect him every Moment.

D. L. I hope no ill News, Madam.

Aur. I hope not, Sir—only some family Matters, I believe, which require Dispatch. They concern a Gentleman in *Salamanca* too. I doubt my Brother has not found him at home.

D. L. An Angel, by all that's heavenly! (*Aside.*) You'll pardon me, Madam—but I never saw Features so like as Your's and my Friend's—You are his very Picture.

Aur. Every Body says so, Sir—when we are asunder. We are Twins indeed—but when we are together, the Likeness is not so great.

Lau. Well put that.

(*Aside.*)

D. L. His Voice too!

Lau. I don't know, Sir, whether their Voices mayn't be more alike than their Faces.

Enter Gil Blas.

Gil. My Master has sent a Message, Madam, that he's surrounded with Papers, and can't be back till Supper.

per-time. But if Don *Lewis* is here, he insists upon finding him at his Return.

Aur. You know where he is, I suppose?

Gil. At the *Phoenix*, Madam.

Aur. He may want you perhaps. Go to him and hasten him. Tell him he must leave Business till To-morrow; his Friend will think him rude else.

Gil. Yes, Madam.

(*Exit.*

D. L. An absolute Angel!

(*Aside.*

Gil. Won't you be seated, Sir?

D. L. If really I ought to stay.—

Aur. Sincerely then, I shall be glad of your Company. I secure my Brother by engaging his Friend.

D. L. Now, Madam, you oblige-me to stay.

(*They sit.*

Aur. If You have Sisters, Sir, you know how to excuse the Indifference of Brothers. They think us mighty impertinent Sort of Company.

D. L. Why so, Madam?

Aur. There are Things call'd Pleasures, Sir. I believe My Brother has a good many — and a Sister is apt to remark a little too gravely upon 'em.

D. L. The sweet Prude!—(*side.*) Not where they are innocent, Madam.

Aur. As my Brother's are—You are wanting to your Friend, Don *Lewis*, if you don't say That—But come, confess now—Is not he a little too wild?

Lau. Ay, in my Conscience, a meer Rake!

D. L. He's young, and spirited, and a Man of Rank, Madam; the World will make Allowances for him.

Aur. You are much in his Heart, I assure you.

Lau. And may help to reform him, Sir—God knows he wants to be reform'd.

D. L. Why, to confess the Truth, Madam, I have been giving him some little Advice—He is not naturally bad—rather too volatile, that's all—

Aur. I shall laugh out presently.

(*Aside.*

D. L. And I am of a contrary Turn — over-thoughtful perhaps—too apt to be serious upon Trifles.—

Aur.

Aur. Nay, I would not have you too serious neither—Virtue may be dress'd up with too much Formality—But I beg your Pardon, Sir.

D. L. I lov'd him, at first, for his own Sake, Madam; but now I have the Honour of knowing his Sister, my Care for him will be doubled.

Aur. You are very obliging, Sir—But your Acquaintance has been so short—he must have been strangely open with you.

D. L. You are his Sister—and yet I am guilty of a Breach of Trust—But he really was open with me to a Degree of Imprudence—Nothing but the Frankness of his Temper could account for't.

Aur. 'Twas always his Way, Sir—He told you of the Banker's Daughter I suppose?

D. L. I wish he had not, Madam—I lost all Patience with him—To boast, says I, of bringing an innocent Creature to Ruin!—Fie, fie, Don *Felix*!—But your young Men of Quality think they have a Right to do any Thing.

Aur. Very true, Sir—What a noble Hypocrite have I set my Heart upon! (*Aside.*) But pray, Sir—I'm afraid I am going to be impertinent—You know most of the Families in this Town?

D. L. I know 'em all, Madam—But my Intimacies are few—I converse chiefly with my Books—But why d'you ask, Madam?

Aur. Only, Sir, that a Lady here has very politely made an Offer of visiting me—How she came to know me I can't find out—But 'till I have a little Hint of Characters—For Appearances are deceitful.

D. L. They are indeed, Madam—But if you tell me her Name, 'tis most likely I shall know her.

Aur. My Brother said so, Sir—He laugh'd a little indeed—but he is so wild you know——

D. L. Too wild, Madam——But what was her Name?

Aur. And that's mighty odd now—I have really forgot her Name—What was it, *Laura*?

Lau. I think it was *Isabella*, Madam.

Aur.

Aur. *Isabella* was the Name——D' you know her, Sir?

D. L. Know her, Madam!—I—really don't recollect—

Aur. Nay, no great Matter, Sir——I thought you might have known her.

D. L. I'll enquire, Madam—I think I have heard of such a Name—So! so!—(*Aside.*)

Aur. An Advocate's Daughter, I think, *Laura.*

Lau. So the Messenger said, Madam; and that she wou'd wait on you this Evening.

D. L. I hope not, Faith—(*Aside.*) There are several Advocates in Town, Madam—but I have no Acquaintance with their Daughters.

Aur. I did not know but you might, Sir—But 'tis too late to be deny'd to her—You'll know her when you see her perhaps. [*Knocking at the Door.*]

Lau. I believe this may be the Lady, Madam. [*Exit.*]

D. L. The Devil it is, (*Aside.*)—I am afraid I trespass upon your Time, Madam—To-morrow I shall hope—(*Going to the Door.*)

Aur. Nay, Sir, I must insist upon detaining you—My Brother won't forgive me else.

D. L. The Lady's a Stranger, Madam—And I am no Company for Strangers.

Aur. She may be an Acquaintance, you know.

D. L. If you please, Madam, I'll wait in the next Room.

Aur. By no Means, Sir; we must not lose you.

D. L. What will become of me? (*Aside.*)

Re-enter Laura with Gil Blas.

Aur. O 'tis *Gil Blas*!—What a Fright have I put him in! (*Aside.*) Well, Sir! Is he coming?

Gil. Not in haste, Madam, I'll venture to say—There's a Lawyer with him.

Aur. A Lawyer with him!—He might have left his Law-Affairs till Morning

Gil. I believe not, Madam. They have a Roll or two of Parchment to read—and then Writings must be sign'd—Pray, Madam, had not you a Relation in the *Indies*—Don—Don—

Aur.

Aur. Ismael—my Father's first Wife's Brother—What of Him?

Gil. Nay, not much; only that the poor Gentleman's dead, and these Dispatches bring the News.

Aur. But did your Master send no Message?—If the Lady shou'd come, *Laura*, I'll be deny'd to her.

D. L. Thank Heaven for that. (*Aside.*)

Gil. The Message was, Madam—that you would not wait Supper for him—As for Don *Lewis*, he says, if he's heartily tir'd, he may leave you; but he'll take no other Excuse.

Aur. I believe, Sir, I must not ask you to stay then.

D. L. Only till I can make the Excuse.

Aur. What think you of a Party at Piquet then? I shall prate too much else.

D. L. With all my Heart, Madam—But not for that Reason.

Aur. Get Cards in the next Room. (*To Laura*) My Friend will shew you the Way, Sir.—You are so averse to new Acquaintance, that I'll be deny'd to all but my Brother.

D. L. You'll oblige me, Madam.—Never so out of Countenance in my Life! (*Aside.*)

Aur. I have a short Message for *Gil Blas*, and will attend you presently. [*Exit D. L.*]

Gil. And so Matters go on swimmingly, Madam?

Aur. To my Wish, *Gil Blas*—But he has so abus'd me!

Gil. As Don *Felix*, I suppose?

Aur. And I have so tormented Him with *Isabella*—The Scheme took; he really believ'd she was coming to visit me.—If he does not like me!—Nay, I am sure he does like me—He could not have been so alarm'd else.

Gil. Proof positive, Madam—But I had like to have forgot—I found a Letter for you at *Bernarda's*.

Aur. For Me! You frighten me! My Brother has not found me out sure! He certainly knows of my Escape by this Time.

Gil.

Gil. Never fear, Madam—It is not a Post-Letter ; an old Woman brought it. (*Gives a Letter.*)

Aur. (*Opening and reading it.*) A Billet-doux, by my Manhood !—You shall hear it. (*Reads*)

‘ If your Journey has not fatigued you, and you have Courage to face a Woman To-night, I know of one that will engage you. You will find her exactly at Eight, in the close Walk behind *St. Anne’s*. If she coughs twice, you may ask her how her cold does ?

To Don *Felix de Mendoza*. (*Looking at the Superscription*) Is this a Trick ?—Or have I really made a Conquest ?

Gil. O, a Conquest no doubt !

Aur. But where can she have seen me ?—No Matter where.—If the Affignation be real, the Creature’s Disappointment may shame her into Modesty——How abandon’d are some Women !—(*Throws the Letter upon the Ground*) But Don *Lewis* will think me long.

[*Exit.*]

Gil. Her Disappointment may shame her into Modesty !——Very likely truly !—Now, in my poor Opinion, her being disappointed by one Lover may make her the more eager to snap at another.—At least, as I’ve an Hour upon my Hands, I’ll try—(*Takes up the Letter.*) Exactly at Eight !—I have no Time to lose, Faith.

[*Runs out.*]

S C E N E *changes to Bernarda’s.*

Enter Melchior.

Mel. A Pox o’ these Universities, say I !—These young Collegians follow their Studies so closely—there’s not a Wench to be had for ’em—No, not so much as a Tradesman’s Wife, that will look civil upon a Livery.—And what would vex a good Christian’s Heart, the Maids at Home here are above Fifty—I have been all round the Town—but ’twont do—’twill no do.—

Enter

Enter Gil Blas.

Gil. Come, come, the Things ! the Things !—I must dress this Moment— the Lady will be impatient else. *(Strutting about.)*

Mel. Ha !—Are you mad, *Gil Blas* ?

Gil Only a little in Haste—Women of Condition are not to be trifled with—Is every Thing ready in the Dressing room ?—Here, here, Boy ! *(Takes the Letter out of the Cover, and gives it to Melchior.)* —To the adorable Signor *Gil Blas* —So the dear Creature writes. *(Puts the Cover in his Pocket.)* You can read, I think, *Melchior*—A Volume of Love in four Lines !—And no Ceremony you see !

Mel. *(Reading)* If she coughs twice you may ask her how her Cold does—An old *Abigail*, troubled with the Phthifick !—And is this to you !

Gil. To me—to me—slipt into my Hands by her Duenna this Moment—So come along, I say—But hold ! hold !—I am thinking that a lac'd Coat would sit mighty easy upon me. You shall lend me one of your Master's, *Melchior*.

Mel. Indeed but I won't—I'll tell you what tho'— I can lend you a Regimental Coat of my own.

Gil. Of your own ?

Mel. A little old or so—but perfectly genteel—I bought it for my own Intrigues.

Gil. Your own Intrigues—O ! you gallant Devil you,—But we'll try it however—You shall go too, *Melchior*.

Mel. As Your Servant I suppose.

Gil. Why, one would not be unattended upon these Occasions. This Amour will make a devilish Noise in Town.

Mel. Yes ; for you'll tell it every Body—and the poor Devil may lose a good Service by it.

Gil. A Woman of Quailty, upon my Honour— So come along—come along—You shall see what a Gentleman I make.

Mel. And what a Gentlewoman the Lady makes— for She'll borrow a Dress too, to be Company for your Honour. Ha, ha, ha !

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to a Grove.*

Enter Isabella and Beatrice.

Isab. (*Looking at her Watch.*) We are before our Time, *Beatrice*; it wants a Quarter of Eight—D' you think he'll come?

Beat. 'Tis the same Thing, I believe, whether he does or not. — I have a mighty indifferent Opinion of these handsome Boys. Don *Lewis* is a Man, Madam.

Isab. And the Man of my Heart, *Beatrice*—But this dear Variety!—That's the Bait to catch Women with.

Beat. But to be struck so at first Sight! and That only from your Window, as he passed by! — 'Twas swallowing the Bait somewhat greedily.

Isab. Is not he a Man of Quality, prithee?—young, handsome, and a Stranger?—You know too how my Heart loves travelling.

Beat. Why, those are Reasons I grant you. But to hasten Don *Lewis* away, after an Absence of three Months!—Nay, and when you could have kept him the whole Evening!—There's the Wonder—Besides, how do you know that Don *Felix* has receiv'd your Note?

Isab. Or that he'll come if he has? Or that I shall like him if he does? Or that He'll like Me?—Or twenty Things besides?—And yet here I am, and as well pleased as ever I was in my Life—So no preaching—When the Disappointment comes, we shall have Time to moralize upon't.

Beat. How if Don *Gabriel* should be upon the Watch?

Isab. Let him if he dares—Or if he should—I can silence him with Don *Lewis*. I could curse myself for yielding to that Fellow—There was Variety for you!—I hate him, because he wants me to hate every Body but himself.

Beat. And yet you lov'd him once, Madam.

Isab.

Ifab. I lov'd Pleasure—and that did as well. But let me hear no more of him. I shall look as ugly as Death at the very Thoughts of him.

Beat. I beg your Pardon, Madam — I should not have mentioned him, only that I fear'd he was upon the Watch. It was certainly Don *Gabriel* that we saw in the Street just now.

Ifab. There let him stay then ——— We have better Things to talk of——Hark!——I hear Voices——We'll walk this Way a little. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gil Blas, dress'd as an Officer, and Melchior.

Gil. Don't stare so, *Melchior*—You have waited upon several Gentlemen in your Time.

Mel. Never upon so fine a Gentleman.

Gil. A Soldier, *Melchior* — a little of the Soldier—with an honourable Scar or so——But don't flatter me——I hate to be flatter'd —— And yet will any one tell me, that this is not the exact Air of a Man of Quality? (*struts about.*)

Mel. Or if it should not be quite so exact, what think you of a Man of Quality's Taylor?

Gil. To be sure now this is not Envy——and yet it smells damnably on't too. Narrow minded People are always sneering at their Superiors—But don't mind me, *Melchior*, I'm not angry — A Pox on't! Why does not the Lady appear?

Mel. Ay, poor Soul! But you must excuse her, *Gil Blas* —— she may have twenty Things to wash up this Afternoon——and then there's herself, you know, after all.

Gil. You'll be brought to Shame presently, Sir—Ha! — Who are those yonder? (*looking out.*) What think you now, *Melchior*?

Mel. That we shall have our Bones broke, if you offer to speak to 'em. I'll have no Hand in affronting Gentlemen.

Gil. Keep your Distance then, and hide behind the Trees——You are a damn'd mean-spirited Fellow, *Melchior*.

Mel. I am for no broken Bones—that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

C

S C E N E

SCENE changes to another Part of the Grove.

Enter Isabella, and Beatrice.

Ifab. Are they following us?

Beat. Only one of 'em—and he's just here.

Ifab. My Veil! my Veil then! (*Veils herself.*)
And now for the Signal.

Enter Gil Blas. *Ifabella coughs.*

Gil. Yes, yes, we are all right. (*Aside.*) Hem!—
The Dampness of the Evening, Madam, has encreas'd
your Cold, I'm afraid.

Ifab. And made my Cough troublesome—If so, Sir,
—Ha! I don't know you.

Gil. You dislike the Cut of my Coat, perhaps—
But 'tis my King's Livery, tho' Service may have worn
it bare—I am no Fop, Madam.

Ifab. Your Address was so familiar, I took you for an
Acquaintance.

Gil. Rather for one that Was to be an Acquaintance.
But don't be frighten'd, Madam—I am a Man of Ho-
nour, and a Soldier.

Ifab. Is that any Thing to me, Sir?

Gil. It may, if you will but hear—Do you know
any Thing of this Letter? (*Shewing the Letter.*) To
Don Felix de Mendoza—That's the Direction.

Ifab. And what then, Sir?

Gil. Why then, Madam, you have trusted a Boy
with a Secret, which he could not keep—and you ought
to be glad 'tis in the Hands of a Man, Madam.

Ifab. How if it is not mine, Sir?

Gil. Only that it goes snug into my Pocket again.
(*Puts the Letter in his Pocket.*) And so, if you'll let
me gallant you home, if I don't know whose Letter it
is, I shall at least know whose it is not, Madam.

Ifab. Is there any Need of that?

Gil. Yes, Faith, Madam, and great Need—For the
Soul of me I can't stir now, till I know who did Not
write this Letter.

Ifab.

Ifab. You must tell first how you came by it.

Gil. With all my Heart, Madam. Don *Felix* gave it me. There, says he, Don *Antonio* — My Name is *Antonio*, Madam — You are a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and always at a Lady's Service — If she's a fine Woman, tell her I'll be ready at the next Summons — 'Twould have been the same Thing, if your Name had been to the Letter — I mean the Lady's Name who wrote it.

Ifab. I don't doubt it — And for your Honesty, I'll confess that the Letter Was mine — So now you may give it me, and leave me.

Gil. If it was not for a little dear Curiosity — Will you let me see your Face, Madam? Upon my Soul, if I don't like it, I'll run and send Don *Felix* t'you.

Ifab. But suppose you should like it?

Gil. I'll cut his Throat if he comes near you — One Peep, Madam, for Love's Sake!

Ifab. I have a great Mind, *Beatrice* — For, in Spite of his odd Figure, I begin to like him devilishly: Nay, and he has oblig'd me too. (*Apart.*)

Gil. Have you consider'd it, Madam?

Ifab. There, Sir. (*Flings aside her Veil.*)

Gil. *Isabella*, by St. *Jago*! — That I should not know her Voice! (*Aside.*)

Ifab. And now you may run to Don *Felix*.

Gil. To your Arms, my Angel! — I can run no where else.

Ifab. Hold! hold! — not so fast! — Your Business is with Don *Felix* — You may tell him how ugly the Lady was, he had the Gallantry to disappoint.

Gil. Faith, and so I will — and no great Lie neither. (*Aside.*) But I'll be as silent as Death, Madam. — What do you intend to do with me?

Ifab. I intend to bid you Good-night — That's all, Sir.

Gil. Have you no Mercy with so much Beauty? — By Heavens, I won't stir without you.

Ifab. I shall find a Way to make you. Come, Child, we must be going. (*To Beatrice.*)

Gil. Yes, Child, we must be going.

Ifab. You don't intend to follow us?

Gil. No—I intend to go along with you.

Ifab. Was there ever such Assurance?——I'll cry out.

Gil. I'll stop your Mouth. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

Ifab. Not for the World!—We shall be discover'd.—If you will follow, let it be at a Distance—Any Thing to get Home.

Gil. But will you promise to let me in, when you are at Home? — Upon my Soul, I'll break your Windows else.

Ifab. Keep your Distance then—The Man's bewitch'd I think—I hope he won't lose me tho'.

[*Aside, and exit with Beatrice.*]

Enter Melchior at the other Door.

Mel. Hip! hip!—*Gil Blas!*

Gil. I'm in Haste, I'm in Haste, *Melchior*—So come along—come along—There she goes!

Mel. Take care that somebody does not Come—You have been watch'd, I can tell you.

Gil. Ha! — But so it is when a Man intrigues with Women of Quality—Zounds! I shall lose Sight of her—Before you keep close to me. [*Exit.*]

Mel. Which, if I do, hang me. No, Faith — If I stand the Brunt of a Battle, there must be Plunder. — The Impudence of this Rascal! — But since the Devil's let loose among the Women, I'll e'en make another Trial for myself—So Fortune or a Blanket attend you, my Dear. [*Exit.*]

Enter Don Gabriel.

D. G. Yes, yes, 'twas an Appointment! I saw her unveil. I saw how her Eyes gloated upon him—A Stranger too!—How came she acquainted with him?—No Matter—I shall know presently. By the Help of this Key. (*Pulling out a Key.*) I can steal upon 'em thro' the Garden. She hates me, and I'll be reveng'd. *Don Lewis* shall know of all. She threatens me with Ruin; but no Matter. My Letters to her are burnt—I saw 'em burnt——My Friend shall be prepar'd——Her Gallant shall feel me too — A Curse light upon the Sex—and a double Curse upon the Fools that trust 'em.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to Isabella's.*

Enter Isabella, and Gil Blas.

Ifab. Follow me to my very Dressing-Room!—Of all the impudent Fellows I ever saw in my Life—

Gil. You like Me the best.—Why, Faith, as you say, there's nothing like Impudence upon these Occasions.—You look devilishly tempting.

Ifab. You talk devilishly saucy.

Gil. Is that your Chamber?

Ifab. And what then?

Gil. Nay, nothing at all?

Ifab. The Door's lock'd.

Gil. We'll see that presently—No struggling now — Nay, then! (*Catches her in his Arms.*)

Ifab. I won't be pull'd so—I'll call out.

Gil. It shall be from the next Room then.

Ifab. Is the Devil in you?

Gil. Ten thousand of 'em, my Angel! — Don't you find how strong I am? [*Carrying her to the Door.*]

Ifab. I do—I do—Mercy! Mercy!

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Undone, undone! Madam! ——— There's Don Gabriel come in the Backway, and running up Stairs.

Gil. Don Gabriel!—The Devil he is! If he should know me now! ——— Lock'd sure enough! (*Aside, and trying to open the Chamber Door*) What's to be done now, Madam?

Ifab. Oh! never mind him——I'll treat him as he deserves.

Gil. That's more than I shall, I am sure — Yes, yes, 'tis Don Gabriel!—How will this end? [*Aside.*]

Enter Don Gabriel.

D. G. So, Madam, you are found at last!

Ifab. You shall repent this, Sir.

D. G. Perhaps not—

Ifab. Leave me this Moment.

D. G. Not till I have Satisfaction here, Madam.

(*Looking at Gil Blas.*)

Gil. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! (*Aside.*) Have I done you any Injury, Sir?

D. G. You have Sir, who Are you?

Isab. A Gentleman and My Friend. You are answer'd, I hope.

Gil. Ay, Sir; a Gentleman, and this Lady's Friend. — You are answer'd, I hope.

D. G. The Gentleman shall be try'd, Sir, — Follow me this Moment.

Gil. She won't let us fight sure! [*Aside.*]

Isab. How, if I desire him to stay?

Gil. Ay, Sir — how if the Lady desires me to stay? — I'll meet him in the Morning, Madam.

[*Apart.*]

Isa. I am Mistress of myself, and accountable to no Man; therefore leave me this Moment.

Gil. I wish he would. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Hark you, Sir—(*To D. Gabriel.*)

Gil. He does not know me—that's my Comfort—I should certainly have been kick'd else. [*Aside.*]

Isab. You have found me with a Stranger—I appointed him—Tell it Don Lewis — But remember You and I fall together. (*Apart.*) Leave me, I say—I am Mistress of my own House, and will be so of my Conduct.

D. G. You shall find, Madam, you are accountable to Me—For You, Sir—

Gil. Now it comes. [*Aside.*]

D. G. I must be acquainted with you.

Gil. Oh, Sir—As to that—You shall know me Time enough—My Name, Sir—My Name is Don Antonio Callabavaro de Passiado—And hark you, Sir—(*Whispers.*) No Words before the Lady—You have heard of the Callabavaro's?

D. G. No Matter, Sir—I'll be punctual—And now, Madam, I shan't stay to disturb you. Your mean descending to such a Wretch as this, has taught me to despise you. When we meet next, my Friend shall be of the Party. Think on't and tremble. [*Exit.*]

Isab.

Ifab. I laugh at you.

Gil. So do I—now he's gone. (*Aside.*) Who is he, Madam?

Ifab. A Villain. (*Walking in Confusion.*)

Gil. Would I were gone too—For the Devil of any Passion has he left me but Fear. [*Aside.*]

Ifab. Was it a Challenge you gave him?

Gil. A Challenge, Madam!—Was it for a Man of Rank, and a Soldier too, to be saluted with a—who are you—and I must be acquainted with you?—I'll be damn'd angry, and so steal off. [*Aside.*]

Ifab. Has this Man Courage, or not? (*Aside.*) You are thoughtful, Sir.

Gil. His Name is Don Gabriel, you say—

Ifab. And lodges in the Square!—Every body knows him!

Gil. And lodges in the Square!—Every body know him!

Ifab. I don't blame your Resentment.—

Gil. O ho! (*Aside.*) I'll not sleep till I have found him.

Ifab. A Villain and a Coward, Sir.

Gil. Yes, yes, I must murder him I see. (*Aside.*) Shall I bring you an Account of him To-morrow?

Ifab. To-morrow!

Gil. Ay, Madam, To-morrow—I am unworthy of you till then—Reputation, Madam!—Reputation!—A Soldier's Reputation!

Ifab. To-morrow then at four—You'll remember the Hour?

Gil. Or die for my Revenge—I am no Boaster, Madam——But To-morrow *Don Antonio Callabavaro de Passiado* shall bring you Proofs of his Birth and Courage—Angels guard you—Well off, Faith!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Ifab. 'Tis well, Don Gabriel!—You have broken in upon my Pleasures, and may answer for it with your Life.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Is not this Gentleman a Sort of a Blusterer, Madam?

Ifab. He is not a *Don Gabriel*, and therefore no Favourite of Your's. But he's a pretty Fellow, and I like him——Nay, and I'll Have him too —— You had best tell *Don Gabriel* of my Appointment with him To-morrow.

Beat. Have you any Cause to suspect me, Madam?

Ifab. I am in doubt about it —— When I have Certainty, I shall know how to behave. This *Gabriel* is a Villain; but let him betray me if he dares — A Fig for Reputation! I'll have done with it — My Life shall be a Life of Pleasure, let the World say what it will. Follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E *Bernarda's.*

Enter Aurora in Boys Clothes, and Gil Blas.

Aur. O! I have kill'd myself with laughing! That *Isabella* should be the Writer of that Affignation! —

Gil. Or that I should be her Gallant! — Faith, Madam, I was only upon a Frolick — Little did I think of meeting *Isabella*.

Aur. You have not said a Word to *Don Lewis*?

Gil. I have not seen him, Madam.

Aur. What's o'Clock?

Gil. Almost Time for Me to be a Soldier again —— Past Three, Madam —— But I have not kill'd *Don Gabriel* —— I've been worse than my Word there.

Aur. O! he's beneath your Notice —— You are too fine a Gentleman.

Gil. The fine Gentleman may get his Bones broke tho'.

Aur. Never fear, never fear —— Every Thing we do has Fortune in't —— But, upon my Word, *Don Lewis's* Eyes

Eyes were so fix'd upon me last Night, that I could hardly keep my Countenance.

Gil. For Heaven's Sake, no Blushing now, Madam. — Don *Felix* must be impudent — You may blush the more for't when you are *Aurora*.

Aur. You must assist me then. Watch both our Looks; and when you see Occasion, break into our Discourse with any Thing you can invent — No Matter how absurd.

Gil. Never fear, Madam.

Aur. To bind him faster to me, I'll be as whimsical as I can make myself.

Gil. In the Person of Don *Felix*.

Aur. I mean so. *Isabella's* the Theme. If he talks to me of *Aurora*, as I have a thousand little Whispers he will, *Isabella* must be the Bar to his being serious with me — Run and tell him I am dress'd.

Gil. In a Moment, Madam.

[Exit.

Aur. (*Musing.*) Right! right! — I have it — Disgrace my Rival first — be cool to my Friend — give my Lover one short Sight of me in Petticoats; by Stealth too, to make it sweeter — and then to Horse — And if he does not follow me to *Madrid* — I have not the Charms I think I have.

Enter Don Lewis, and Gil Blas.

D. L. What, but just dress'd! — Faith, you staid it out last Night. I began to suspect you were playing the Devil.

Aur. Business, upon my Honour — We mix'd a little Wine with it indeed.

D. L. But was there no Wench in the Case?

Aur. Pshaw! You don't think me so ill bred — 'Twas you had the Wench. How long did you stay with her?

D. L. About Half an Hour — But 'twas the shortest Half Hour I ever knew in my Life.

Aur. Tho' it lasted — let me see — from Seven in the Evening, to One in the Morning — unless you went any where else.

D. L. No, faith — And, what's worse, I shall never wish to go any where else. (*Sighs.*) — But my dear

Don *Felix*, not a Word of *Isabella* — How could you laugh so Yesterday, when your Sister enquir'd about her? It was not kind in you.

Aur. Faith, I could not help laughing — A fine Acquaintance for my Sister, upon my Word! — But are you and I to be ashamed of what we do? I think we are of Quality enough to be ashamed of nothing.

D. L. Well, well — But no laughing — no *Isabella*, I beg of you.

Aur. I won't — I won't —

D. L. Let me look at you a little.

Aur. Ha! — What the Devil ails you?

D. L. Upon my Soul, I'll give you Half my Estate, if you'll send for *Aurora's* Gown and Cap, and wear 'em for an Hour.

Gil. Sir, Sir! — I'll wear 'em for the least Farm upon your Estate.

Aur. *Aurora's* Gown and Cap! — And what then?

D. L. Only that I may kneel t'you, and kiss the Back of your Hand — Zounds! you'd be her very self! her sweet, sweet self!

Aur. The Man's mad I believe. (*Turning away.*)

D. L. Stark staring mad! Incurably mad! 'Tis all Your Doing, Don *Felix* — and You must take Care of me.

Aur. I don't understand you.

D. L. Nor I myself — only that my Business is done. —

O! that the Gods, in Pity to Mankind —

Gil. Had made Her ugly — or Don *Lewis* blind!

Go on, Sir — We shall make it out between us.

D. L. I shall never come down to Prose again.

Gil. Prose, Sir! — my Lady *Aurora* was never thought of in Prose — Try your Hand once more.

D. L. Hold your prating, Rascal — Hark you, Don *Felix*, — I have seen your Sister.

Aur.

Aur. I know it. And you're inclin'd to be mighty merry about her — But let me tell you, I have known Men that have lik'd her.

D. L. Is there any particular one She likes?

Aur. Every Soul that likes Her, I suppose.

Gil. A grateful Diposition that!

[*Aside.*

D. L. Shall I speak plainly of her?

Aur. Ay, if you don't abuse her.

D. L. You won't be in Earnest, I see.

Aur. Yes, Faith, if I thought You were so.

D. L. In Earnest then, I love your Sister — And in Earnest too, I must have Your Leave to tell her so.

Aur. You Have told her so, perhaps.

D. L. No, upon my Honour. If she has guess'd at my Heart, 'twas only from the Looks I could not hide from her.

Aur. My Sister had her Looks too, I suppose.

D. L. None, but what Civility and Good-humour gave her.

Aur. I am glad of that tho' — for I was sadly afraid of myself. (*Aside.*) This is a very odd Affair, Don *Lewis*. My Leave to tell her so! — Impossible! — You can't be in Earnest.

D. L. I am, by all my Hopes — Most absolutely in Earnest.

Aur. What! — when I am privy to your Intrigue with another?

D. L. *Isabella*! — You shall soon see an End of That Affair.

Aur. Why, what d'you intend?

D. L. To see her once more, and have done with her for ever.

Aur. Has she us'd you ill?

D. L. Not that I know of —

Gil. No Matter for that, Sir — Don *Lewis* may use Her so I hope.

Aur. Hold your Peace, Sir — And learn to know the Times when your Impertinence may be borne. (*Angrily.*) Look you, Don *Lewis* — I can be neither Friend

Friend nor Enemy in this Business till I see my Sister—and That shall be presently.

D. L. And at your Return, *Isabella* shall be no longer an Objection. (*Going.*)

Aur. Stay, *Don Lewis*. I own I am perplex'd, and know not how to act. I wish you had kept this Declaration a Secret from me. I had News for you, that Friendship requir'd me to tell—and now it will look like an officious Concern for my Sister.

D. L. What is it?—speak!

Aur. *Isabella's*, a—I won't name the Word neither—but *Gil Blas* knows it, and can prove it.

D. L. With all my Heart, Faith——What is it, *Gil Blas*?

Gil. Nay, Sir, no great Matter——Only that I happen'd to see a Gentleman let out at her Back-door last Night.

D. L. *Don Gabriel*, I suppose?

Gil. No, upon my Soul, Sir—Quite another Sort of a Gentleman—A rampant young Fellow of about My Size—I never saw a finer Figure of a Man since I was born.

D. L. At what Time of the Evening was this?

Gil. About Nine——when You were with my Lady *Aurora*.

D. L. And did you dog him?

Gil. His Sword was a little of the longest——Lord Sir, he'd have spitted me like a Lark——He was not above My Size neither——But the finest put together!—I don't believe you'll match him in all *Spain*.

D. L. You are sure 'twas *Isabella's* Back-door?

Gil. I'll swear to that, Sir—and to her Maid's letting him out. You have bewitch'd my Mistress, says she, in a Whisper——And he took the Way to bewitch the Maid too——for I saw him put a swinging Purse into her Hand——And then he was turning upon his Heel, Sir——But you'll remember To-morrow at Four, says she——My Mistress will die if you don't come——O! damn your Mistress, thought I to myself——Ay, ay, says he—And the Dog was so careless!——Ay, ay; tell her, I'll come and die With her——

Hey!

Hey! *Sancho! Diego! Lopez!*—And away he slid, Sir, in a Minuet-Step, with three Footmen at his Heels.

D. L. If this Story be true, I shall be neither angry nor sorry. For to deal plainly with you, Don *Felix*, since I have seen your Sister, all Women else are indifferent to me.

Enter Melchior.

Mel. Don *Gabriel* is below, Sir.

D. L. Shall I ask him up?

Aur. By all Means—Desire the Gentleman to walk up. (*To Melchior, who goes out.*) Will you tell him of this Discovery?

D. L. To be sure I will—and you shall see him stare as if a Fit had seiz'd him. Don *Gabriel* has too much Honesty in himself to find out the Want of it in another.

Gil. To be sure, Sir, a mighty worthy Man—But liable to be impos'd upon.

Re enter Melchior with Don Gabriel, and Exit.

D. G. Servant, Servant, Gentlemen—I have News for you, Don *Lewis*.

D. L. I have News for You too—*Isabella's* the Devil.

D. G. That's My News—How did you hear it?

D. L. From *Gil Blas* here.

Gil. Yes, Sir, from Me.

D. G. From you!—What Intelligence have You?

D. L. The Intelligence of his Eyes and Ears. He saw a Gentleman let out at her Back-door last Night, and over-heard an Appointment for To-day.

D. G. That's well—But he could not tell you that I broke in upon 'em—Such a pitiful, contemptible, rascally, sneaking, cowardly Wretch!—I could have torn her Piece-meal for even looking at him.

Gil. Sir!—Pitiful, contemptible, rascally, cowardly!—Faith, to my Mind now, the Gentleman was a mighty good-looking Sort of a Gentleman.

D. G. A Gentleman!—A Monkey has more Manhood in him.

Gil. Passion, Sir! Passion!—You saw him thro' the false Medium of Passion.

D. G.

D. G. Passion!—What, with a Worm!—The Wretch was beneath trampling upon.

Gil. O Lord! O Lord!—But there's certainly some Mistake in this—We don't mean the same Person, Sir.

D. G. Was not he dress'd in Red?

Gil. Yes, he was. But 'twas not the Colour of his Coat that struck me—'Twas his Air—his—his Dignity—Come, he had some Dignity—You must allow him a little—Dignity.

D. G. O!—Abundance of Dignity!

Gil. Some People's Eyes!—That's all I say—Some People's Eyes!

Aur. *Gil Blas!*—Why, I think Accounts differ a little. (*Apart.*)

D. L. But what did you do with him?

D. G. Would you think it?—The Fellow challeng'd me.

Gil. I told you he had Courage, Sir. (*To Don Lewis.*)

D. G. Ay—But he forgot the Appointment. I waited for him two Hours after the Time this Morning, with a Horsewhip for my Weapon.

Gil. And did you think he'd come, Sir?—As if a Gentleman would come to be horse-whipt!—O sad! O sad!

D. L. How do you know of the Affignation To-day?

D. G. Her Ladyship's Maid was with me. The Fellow meets her at Four, she says; and she'll open the Door to us—so come away with Me.

D. L. To your Lodgings?

D. G. Ay. I have something else to tell you. She has a Plot to make Me as black as herself. We have only Half an Hour to consult in.

D. L. I'll follow you then—I have a Word for Don *Felix* first.

D. L. You won't be long?—I'll wait for you in your own Apartments—Don *Felix*, your Servant. (*Exit.*)

Aur. And d'you intend going to her House?

D. L. Yes—and taking Leave of her in Form.

Aur. You'll punish the Gentleman tho'?

D. L.

D. L. Yes, Faith, will I—

Gil. So ! So ! (*Aside.*)

D. L. Most heartily—

Gil. I'll not go, that's flat. (*Aside.*)

D. L. By giving him the Lady.

Gil. O ho !—— then all's safe. (*Aside.*)

D. L. But Don *Gabriel* expects me. Shall I meet you at *Aurora's*?

Aur. No—I shall stay but an Hour there ; and should take it as a Favour if you left her to herself, till we meet To-morrow.

D. L. Nay, that's too much——I have Leave to visit her this Evening.

Aur. You'll oblige by deferring this Visit.

D. L. You hurt me, Don *Felix*—I did not expect such Coolness.

Aur. I am sorry for that. You may find me warmer To-morrow perhaps.

D. L. Well, Sir—it must be as you please. If *Isabella's* the Objection, I am going to her for the last Time. Adieu. (*Exit.*)

Aur. Yours, Sir. Poor Fellow, how I have teaz'd him !—— But Opposition is your only Quickener. You must away to the Appointment, *Gil Blas*.

Gil. I shall certainly be kick'd.

Aur. No, no, 'tis but discovering yourself, and the Matter ends in a Laugh—But a Word before you go—When the Business is over at *Isabella's*——

Gil. I wish it was over.

Aur. You must hurry Don *Lewis* to *Aurora*.

Gil. Hey day !—— I thought you insisted upon his keeping away.

Aur. Ay, that, by Your Instructions, I may be sure of seeing him. I'll be deny'd to him, when he comes thro'——*Laura* shall tell him that my Brother's with me—who shall resent this Visit—He has made a Point, you know, of his not seeing me.

Gil. You'll appear to him in Breeches then ?

Aur. Not till To-morrow.—But to hasten him to *Aurora*, you must hint to him that you have Suspicions of your Master—That he has no Sincerity in him—
That

That he has private Designs, and intends opposing him with his Sister. You may fling in a Hint too, that the Lady likes him—that her Brother's out of the Way—In short, any Thing—so you get him to visit me, and to break his Promise with Don *Felix*.

Gil. Which if I don't—

Aur. Away, away then!—But don't forget, and go to the Appointment in those Cloaths.

Gil. What forget the very Essence of a Gentleman!—I'll send *Melchior* for a Chair for you—Hey! *Melchior*! Call a Chair for my Master—and then, d'you hear?—Call another for Me. [Exit.]

Aur. And now I shall know, in a few Hours, the Success of this wild Scheme—But how if my Brother should be at *Madrid*!—Nay, if he should have trac'd me hither!—The Comfort is, that he knows nothing of *Gil Blas*, or *Gil Blas* of Him—so they may meet and pass without Discovery—As for myself, he shall find it hard to catch me—unless upon the Road to *Madrid*—and then it shall be the Fault of my Horse—Well! If ever Woman took such Pains for a Man! Why—I hope she got him, that's all. [Exit.]

S C E N E *another Apartment.*

Enter Don Lewis and Don Gabriel.

D. L. Why did not you tell me of this?—You have suspected her a good while then?

D. G. Of an immoderate Love of Pleasure. But I had no downright Proofs of her Infamy, and therefore said nothing.

D. L. And whenever you upbraided her, she threaten'd you with Destruction?

D. G. Ay. I should not wonder if she told you I had ravish'd her. Give Don *Lewis* but a Hint of my Dishonesty, says she, and your Ruin is inevitable—I'll swear to him that you have whor'd me—That his Friend, his Bosom-Friend, the Man whom he supports, has whor'd me. 'Tis not your Innocence that shall guard you from my Revenge.

D. L. Was this Yesterday?

D. G. Yesterday, when I broke in upon her. And my Life upon't she keeps her Word.

D. L.

D. L. I hope so, Faith. My honest *Isabella*! Why, this is exactly as I could wish it. How heard you of the Appointment To day?

D. G. Her Ladyship's Maid was with me—She'll open the Door to us.

D. L. I shall be quite the Gentleman with her.

D. G. And she the Devil with You—But come; we must hasten to our Place of Rendezvous—*Beatrice* will appear at the Window, if the Fellow comes.

D. L. Away then—You are hurt, Don *Gabriel*, but I am pleas'd with her Infamy. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E *changes to Isabella's.*

Enter Isabella and Beatrice.

Isab. You have secur'd the Garden-Door?

Beat. Safe enough, I'll warrant you.

Isab. And you have heard nothing of the Stranger and Don *Gabriel* To-day?

Beat. Not a Syllable.

Isab. I wonder if they met—But Don *Gabriel* thought better on't perhaps.

Beat. Or the Stranger, Madam.

Isab. I have a better Opinion of him. Is it Four yet?

Beat. The Clock has just struck.

Isab. Leave me then—And see you admit no one but Him.

Beat. Yes, Madam. And yet you may have other Visitors, or I am fee'd to no Purpose. *[Aside, and Exit.]*

Isab. I have Reason to suspect this Wench—She's a Creature of Don *Gabriel's*—But let the worst happen, I am prepar'd for't. *(A Knocking at the Door.)* Hark!—here's somebody coming—I grow old and ugly by thinking of this *Gabriel*—But here comes one to make me young again.

Enter Beatrice with Gil Blas, dress'd.

Gil Servant, Madam—Handsome than ten thousand Angels—I believe we shan't want You, Child. *(To Beatrice.)* And besides, I don't mightily like that Face of yours.

Beat. Sir!—I shan't stay to frighten you. But you may chance to see Faces presently, that you'll like less. *(Aside, and exit.)* *Isab.*

Ifab. What have you done with Don Gabriel?

Gil. What a Gentleman of My Rank ought to do with the Vulgar—Nothing at all, Madam.

Ifab. Haven't you seen him then?

Gil. Upon my Honour, not I — Poverty is apt to make Men desperate—And we Gentlemen of affluent Fortunes, who know how to enjoy Life, know how to prize it too!

Ifab. Your Servant, Sir. My Woman will open the Door for you. (*Turning away.*)

Gil. Ha!—What!—Is any Thing the Matter, Madam?

Ifab. Nothing at all, Sir,—Good-bye t'you. (*Going.*)

Gil. You are not in Earnest sure?—Just as I expected. (*Aside.*)

Ifab. Your Way lies there, Sir. (*Pointing to the Door*) I have Business.

Gil. And so have I, Faith. (*Getting between her and the Door.*) Look you, Madam—This won't do.—You and I must not part so.

Ifab. Is this the Man of Honour and Courage!—That could not sleep for his Revenge!—Is this—

Gil. Why, really, Madam, I did intend to have cut his Throat—But I don't know how it was, I chang'd my Mind.

Ifab. As I have mine, Sir—Begone this Moment. (*A Noise without.*)—What Noise is that?

D. G. (*Without.*) Don't tell Me—Did not we see him go in?

Beat. (*Without.*) You are mistaken, Sir—'Twas a Gentleman to Me—My Mistress is not at Home.

D. L. (*Without.*) We'll try that presently.

Ifab. Don Lewis too!—Nay, then!—But let 'em come. (*Aside.*)

Gil. Is the Devil in the House?—But if you love Blood, Madam, you shall see whether I have Courage or not.

Enter Don Lewis and Don Gabriel.

D. L. Don't be alarm'd, Madam—The Visit is a little abrupt indeed—but you know how to excuse it—I have seen that Face before. (*Looking at Gil Blas.*)
Gil.

Gil. And may possibly see it again, Sir.

Ifab. Well, Sir!—You have found me!

D. L. Reports are often false, Madam—I thank you for the Satisfaction of my Eyes.

Ifab. 'Twas a Satisfaction I intended you—So I have a Right to your Thanks—I shall deserve Don *Gabriel's* too.

D. G. You have 'em with all my Heart, Madam — But we must thank the Gentleman, Don *Lewis*.

Gil. Nay, Sir, as to that—I shan't insist upon Ceremony.

D. L. (*Walking up to Gil Blas.*) I have certainly seen this Face—May I beg to know where, Sir?

Gil. You shall know it at a proper Time, Sir.

D. L. Where did you steal these Cloaths?—They don't fit you.

Gil. Steal 'em, Sir?

D. G. Ay, Sir, steal 'em—But you have forgot, I suppose—as you did your Appointment with Me, Rascal! (*Takes him by the Collar.*)

Gil. Hands off, Sir!—You are two to one upon me—But I expect to be treated like a Soldier.

D. G. Like a Soldier, Sirrah! (*Shakes him.*)

Ifab. Is this Behaviour for My House, Sir? (*To Don Gabriel, who lets him go.*)

Gil. 'Tis mighty odd Behaviour, Madam.

D. G. Say you so, Sir? (*Offers to take hold of him.*)

D. L. (*Interposing.*) Hold, Don *Gabriel*!—You'll frighten him into Fits.

Gil. No, Sir—nor both of you.

D. G. Prithee let me come at him.—I'll only shake him a little.

Ifab. You shall repent this Outrage.

Gil. Why, that's very kind now—[*Aside.*] Pray, be compos'd, Madam—You shall find me a Match for 'em presently—For You, Don *Lewis*, I know you.

D. L. Ha!—You know my Name indeed—Where was it you knew me?

Gil. Your Memory fails you, Sir—But I can refresh it.

D L.

D. L. Do it this Moment then.

D. G. I'll quicken him a little. (*Offers to take hold of him again.*)

D. L. Hold, I say!—Who are you, Sir?

Gil A Gentleman, Sir—and one that has oblig'd you—You have insulted a Man, Sir, that has done you Services—Services, Sir, that I shan't upbraid you with—tho' it is Ingratitude in you to forget 'em—I have never clean'd your Shoes indeed—No, Sir, I am above it—But I have run of your Errands—I have really run of your Errands—The Name of Don Antonio Callabavaro de Passiade may sound strange t'you perhaps—But I have another at your Service—Look in my Face, Sir—What think you of your Friend Don Gil Blas de Santilane?

D. L. }
and } Gil Blas!
D. G. }

Gil The very same, Sir—Don Felix's humble Servant, and your Honour's—A Pox upon this Patch!—I shall tear away my Skin with it—(*Pulls off his Patch.*) There, Sir!—And now I believe you'll beg my Pardon.

Ifab. Am I impos'd upon?—Who are you?

Gil. Only Don Felix's Servant, Madam—The same that brought you a Letter yesterday from Don Lewis. — You remember how you admir'd my Wit, Madam

D. L. }
and } Ha, ha, ha!
D. G. }

Ifab. Am I detected with a Servant then? (*Snatches Don Lewis's Sword, and runs at Gil Blas.*) Die, Villain!

D. L. Hold, Madam!—This Sword is mine—(*Wrests it from her Hands.*)

Gil. Pray take Care of her, Gentlemen.

Ifab. Well, Sir! you have disarm'd me. Give me the Sword again, and I'll direct it properly. (*Looking at Don Gabriel, who laughs.*) Ay, laugh at me, do— You have caught me—But your triumph shall be short.
I am

I am disgrac'd by a Contrivance—and your Glory is, that three Men have been too hard for a Woman.

Gil. No, Madam—They knew no more of me than your Ladyship.

Ifab. No Matter. They have hurt my Pride only. I am innocent with You, Sir—I found you to be a Wretch.

Gil. Very true, Madam.

Ifab. But with that Villain there, I have been guilty.

(*Pointing to Don Gabriel.*)

D. L. That we expected, Madam.

D. G. Ha, ha, ha!—No Interruptions, I beg, Sir.

Ifab. Yes, Sir, for a Moment—that you may laugh once more. But remember 'tis the last Time.

D. G. Pray proceed, Madam.

Ifab. To Your everlasting Ruin. Read these Letters, Sir, (*giving Letters to Don Lewis*) and see to whom they are directed. What, thunder-struck! (*To Don Gabriel*) You saw 'em burnt, did you?—But not all, Sir—You should have been secure of that. I knew you to be a Villain, and reserv'd these for your Destruction.

D. L. The Letters are in Your Hand, Don Gabriel.

(*Reading.*)

D. G. Forg'd—Every Word of 'em forg'd.

D. L. I'll read, Sir.

Gil. How like a Rogue he looks! I shall ask him about my Dignity presently. (*Aside.*)

Ifab. I can tell you the Contents, Sir. (*To Don Gabriel*) A few Pieces of private History to blacken your Friend. 'Twas a Point you labour'd at, to secure me to yourself. Don Lewis will tell you, whether they are forg'd or not.

D. L. These Letters must be mine, Madam. (*Putting them in his Pocket.*) For You, Sir! (*Walking up to Don Gabriel*) Never see my Face again. You are fallen even below my Resentment—The Hand-writing is Yours, Sir—tho' I had doubted my own Eyes, but for Circumstances in the Letters, that only You were privy to. Farewel both. I leave you fit Company for one another. Come, *Gil Blas.* (*Going.*)

Gil.

Gil. Sir ! Sir !—Only for a Moment, Sir—I came In like a Gentleman, and methinks would fain go Out like one—And so, Madam, as our Intrigue is at an End—

Ifab. Begone, Sir.

Gil. I say, Madam, as our Intrigue is at an End, I wish you all the Happiness with that good-looking Gentleman, that a reasonable Woman can expect—He's a little heavy or so—but a Man of excellent Morals—And so I take my Leave—

D. L. Come, Sir—I have a Word for you too.

Gil. I'll attend you, Sir.

Ye Loves and Graces hover round this Pair,
And make their Virtues your peculiar Care.

(Exit with Don Lewis.

Don Gabriel and Isabella stand for some Time looking at each other.

Ifab. Leave me.

D. G. You have undone me.

Ifab. And therefore I am happy—superlatively happy !

D. G. I have undone You too.

Ifab. No Matter—Leave me, I say.

D. G. I dare not leave you !—I doat upon you.

Ifab. I hate you.

D. G. 'Twas my Love for you that did this—Is there no Way to make Amends ?

Ifab. Yes—by leaving me.

D. G. Don *Lewis* is happy !—He loves another, and laughs at both of us.

Ifab. Ha !—Love another !—Does he love another ? Name her to me this Moment.

D. G. *Aurora*, the Sister of Don *Felix*—To-morrow perhaps will see 'em marry'd—She's here at *Salamanca*. He told me of her himself—He told me too that he was weary of you—That he wanted an Excuse to break with you—And now, at this Moment, in the Arms of his *Aurora*, he's rejoicing at your Disgrace.

Ifab. 'Tis well !—I wanted only this to make me mad. You love me, you say—How shall I be sure on't ?

D. G.

D. G. Put me to the Trial.

Ifab. What Trial?—You would make Amends too?
—What Amends? — Come, be Villain enough to prompt me. Don *Lewis* is your Enemy.

D. G. I hate him.

Ifab. Is that all?

D. G. What mean you?

Ifab. Nothing.

D. G. I hate him, and would be reveng'd.

Ifab. I—love him, and would be reveng'd.

D. G. How?

Ifab. Guess.

D. G. Ha!—

Ifab. You hesitate!—I thought you Villain enough for any Thing.

D. G. What's the Reward?

Ifab. The Possession of me for ever. I'll plunder my Father, and fly with you the next Moment.

D. G. How am I secure of that?

Ifab. Come with me to my Closet.

D. G. Agreed, Madam.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E *changes to Aurora's.*

Enter Aurora in Boy's Clothes, and Laura.

Aur. What are they doing at *Ifabella's* all this Time?

Laur. Tossing *Gil Blas* in a Blanket perhaps.

Aur. No, no, Don *Lewis* will be pleas'd. I don't like his staying so long tho'.

Laur. Don't be impatient, Madam.

Aur. No, not impatient—But why does not he come?
—*Gil Blas* was to hurry him to me.

Laur. All in good Time — But you are so violent, you won't give him an Hour to get rid of a Mistress.

Aur. Yes — if 'twould lead him to a Wife — You don't consider the Consequence of this Visit.

Laur. The Consequence! — Nay, Madam, if you conceal'd any Thing —

Aur. A thousand Things — I have a little World

in

in this Heart, and but one Tongue to tell what passes in't.

Laur. 'Tis a Woman's Tongue tho'.

Aur. And yet it won't do my Business ——— But if Don *Lewis* makes no attempt to see me this Evening, I have a great Mind he shall never see me again. ——— The Fellow can have no Spirit in him.

Laur. And besides, Madam, how are we to quarrel with him To-morrow? Or why is the Sister to be sent away, if Don *Lewis* does not break his Promise with the Brother?

Aur. Or how shall I be sure he loves me? — The Case stands thus—Says the impertinent Don *Felix*, I must have no Visiting at my Sister's To-night—Says the gallant Don *Lewis*, it must be as You please—Ay, but says *Gil Blas*—For I am sure he has not forgot his Instructions—how if *Aurora* loves you? And how if her Brother should intend you a Trick? If This does not bring him, I'll positively never see him again.

Laur. No more I would, Madam.

Aur. I have ventur'd boldly for Him—and if he fails me, but in a single Grain of equal Love and Spirit—I'll to Horse for *Madrid* this very Night—What has He to risk?—Why, the Displeasure of a Boy—Let him stay but an Hour from me, and if ever he sees me again, it shall be thro' the Grate of a Nunnery——I'll lower these mad Flights; say my Prayers all Day—and never think of Man again. (*A Knocking at the Door.*)

Laur. Oho! Are you there, Sir! —You'll be no Nun, Madam.

Aur. I hope not——You know how to deny me to him——But remember To-morrow at Nine— I must be sure of him at Nine——Don't let him come farther than the Door tho'——My Brother's in the next Room with me——and if he sees him——
O Lord! O Lord!—

Laur. I'll warrant you, Madam.

[Exit.

Aur.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Man's my own again——I began to be frighten'd tho'——Now must poor *Aurora* be pack'd to *Madria* upon this Visit——If People make Promises, they should keep 'em——I am not a Man to be trifled with——Ha!——The Door opens: She won't let him in sure!——What's the Matter, *Laura*?

Re-enter Laura, and after her, Gil Blas, dress'd.

Lau. You are very impertinent, methinks. (*To Gil Blas.*) The Gentleman would take no Denial, Sir. (*To Aurora.*) He must speak with you, he says.

Aur. Have you any Business with me, Sir?

Gil. If you are Don *Felix de Mendoza*, Sir.

Lau. Ha, ha, ha! Don't you know him, Madam?

Aur. *Gil Blas*!——A very Soldier-like Appearance, upon my Word! Ha, ha, ha!

Gil. No Laughing, Madam. The *Callabaro's* are grave Men, mighty grave Men.

Aur. Well, and what? And how?——

Gil. And When, Madam?——That's the Question——He'll be here presently——We have done the Business——detected Don *Gabriel* too——Such a Pair of 'em! But we left 'em together.

Aur. And where's Don *Lewis*?

Gil. At the Tavern——chucking down a second Bottle of Champaign to your Ladyship's Health.

Aur. Alone?

Gil. With an old Priest, Madam——I pretended Business at *Bernarda's*, to give you Notice of his Coming. But we have had the Devil to do.

Aur. At *Isabella's*——Tell me how it went.

Gil. Only one Thing wanting, Madam——The Lady was not disgrac'd enough.

Aur. Is not it over then? And was not she detected?

Gil. Yes, yes, Madam, she was detected——But then it was with me——There was something in my Appearance that——

Aur. No Trifling now, *Gil Blas*.

Gil. Why then, Madam, every Thing happen'd as you could wish——But the Bustle has been since.

Aur. What Bustle?

D

Gil.

Gil. With Don *Lewis*, Madam——He must needs know who set me upon this Intrigue——Was it your Master, says he?——If *Isabella* has been my Mistress, she ranks too high for his Footman.

Aur. But you satisfy'd him, I hope?

Gil. By telling the whole Truth, Madam——Lord! Sir, says I, my Master does not think of you——unless 'tis to spite you——You may fancy him your Friend perhaps——But he's No-body's Friend——He loves Mischief——Go to my Lady, Sir——Your Business is with her——All this was in the Street, Madam——He was sadly out of Spirits, he said——hurt to the Heart by Don *Gabriel*——So with much ado, I inveigled him to the Tavern——

Aur. And ply'd him with the Whimfies of your Master?

Gil. And with Bumpers too——or I had not work'd him up to visit you——What, says I, and so my Master has insisted upon your keeping from his Sister To-night!——And why was it, d'you think? Only to send her to *Madrid*, that you may never see her again——I'll tell you a Secret——She loves you, and he knows it——Love me, says he! (*In a drunken Tone*) For the Champaign began to mount, Madam——Does the dear Creature love me? No, no——it's impossible, it's impossible——Does her Duenna love me, says I?——For I told him all about it, *Laura*——

Lau. Coxcomb!

Gil. If *Aurora* loves me, says he a Fig for her Brother——There's my Purse, you Dog——Here it is, Madam——T'other Bumper, Priest, and I'll fly to her in a Moment——(*A Knocking at the Door.*) This is he, Madam——I must not be seen by him.

Aur. This Way, this Way then!——*Laura* undertakes him now——Slip thro' the Back-door, and attend his Coming at *Bernarda's*. (*Knocking again.*)

Lau. He grows impatient, Madam.

Aur. I have Schemes that I want Time to tell you of——But wait for him at *Bernarda's*——You must ply him with a few more of your Master's Whimfies——Now, now, *Laura*!

[Exit.
Gil.

Gil. But don't depend upon your Face, Child——
He's a little tipsy, you know, and may be outrageously
loving. [*Exeunt different Ways.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

Enter Don Felix in a Riding-Dress, and Pedro.

D. F. Have done, Sir! The Honour of my Family's
at Stake, and I'll have no Rest till I'm reveng'd.

Ped. Only consider, Sir——All last Night we were
Whip and Spur upon the Road——And now at Night
again, when we should be taking a comfortable Sup-
per——here we are, groping about the Streets in a
strange Place, I don't like it, Sir——I must needs tell
you, I don't like it.

D. F. Will you have done, Sir?

Ped. There's another Thing too——You are not
sure 'tis my Lady *Aurora* that we have hunted hither.
You can't swear she went off in Boy's Cloaths——
All we know of the matter is from Scoundrel Post-boys
and lying Inn-keepers——And then, Sir, you were
forc'd to put Words into their Mouths.

D. F. Have we heard nothing here, Sirrah?

Ped. A mighty matter indeed! That here's one
Don Felix, who lives with one *Don Lewis*, who lodges
with one *Bernarda*——Lord, Sir! here may be twenty
Don Felix's, for any Thing we know.

D. F. I tell you, 'tis my Sister. I have a thousand
Circumstances to convince me. She has assum'd my
Name, and lives in Infamy with *Don Lewis*——I'll
see 'em before I sleep——So away, Sir.

Ped. Hark! Don't you hear a Noise?——This is
the Devil of a Place, Sir.

Enter at Distance Don Gabriel, and three or four Assassins.

D. G. Stand at the Corner there. These are Stran-
gers. I have trac'd him to the Tavern yonder, and
this is his Way Home. I'll give the Word as soon as
he appears. [*Exit, with Assassins.*]

Ped. Did you hear 'em, Sir?——We shall certainly
be murder'd.

D. F. No, no——They are in Pursuit of another——
and here he comes perhaps. Stand by a little——If they
attack him, I'll defend him.

Ped. Defend him, Sir!—What defend a Stranger!—O, Lord! O, Lord—I wish there was another Stranger to defend me! (*They retire within the Scenes.*)

Enter Don Lewis drunk.

D. L. Here again, Faith! This is the third or fourth Time that I have turn'd this damn'd Corner in my Way Home. The Devil's upon a Frolick To-night, and the Rascal has kick'd the Streets out of their Places.

D. F. A Gentleman! and in Liquor!—Nay then he demands my Assistance. (*Apart.*)

Ped. You forget my Lady *Aurora*, Sir—And besides, a Man in Liquor never comes to any Harm.

D. L. 'Twas damn'd hard tho' in the dear Angle not to see me—I was forc'd to take up with my old snuffing Priest again—And egad, we drank Bumpers to *Aurora*, till the Room turn'd round. Thank Heaven, I can find my Way Home tho'. [*Going.*]

D. F. (*Coming forward*) Sir! Sir! If you go That Way, there's Danger.

D. L. Danger!—Well, and what then? Who the Devil are You?

D. F. A Gentleman—and one that may be of Service t'you. There are Villains at the next Corner, laying in wait for Murder—You are in Liquor, Sir, and their Business may be with You.

D. L. With Me, ha!—And why not with you? must a Man be murder'd because he's a little tipsy?—But come along, Sir!—Here's old Trusty—(*Drawing his Sword.*) If they are for Murder, I'll murder 'em—So come along, I say.

D. F. Not That Way, Sir—The Risk is too great.

D. L. Why, go your own Way then—and so Good-night. I am a regular Man, Sir—and always go the shortest Way Home. Hey!—where are you, Murderers? (*Going.*)

D. F. Stay, Sir—Let me prevail upon you.

D. L. Not if you were the finest Whore in *Salamanca*.

Ped. O, Lord! O, Lord!—All this for a drunken Stranger too.

[*Aside.*
Re-

Re-enter Don Gabriel and Assassins.

D. G. That's he. If the Stranger assists him, he must die too——Fall on!

D. F. (*Drawing his Sword.*) Villains!

D. L. Come on!—A hundred of you! (*They engage: Don Gabriel and the Assassins are driven off the Stage.*)

Ped. (*Coming forward*) Watch! Watch! Murder! Watch!

D. L. Hold your Bawling, Sirrah!——And don't make a Disturbance—We'll enjoy the Victory in Peace. Well push'd, Faith!

D. F. How are you, Sir?

D. L. Sound as a Roach, old Boy. You're a brave Fellow upon my Soul. What say you to a Bottle at the next Tavern now, that we may grow a little acquainted?

D. F. No, Sir, I'm engag'd——And yonder's the Watch to take Care of you.

Ped. We'll all go together, Sir,—Watch! Watch!

D. L. Hold your Bawling, I say!——I am a little drunk, Sir, as you see——But my Name is Don *Lewis Pacheco*. I lodge hard by here, at *Bernarda's*——and if you'll call upon me in the Morning, I'll thank you as one sober Gentleman ought to thank another.

D. F. Don *Lewis Pacheco*! I have heard of you, Sir.

D. L. Heard of me, Sir! That is not the Thing——Come and see me.

D. F. You may depend upon me. Do you know a young Gentleman, lately arrived here, who calls himself Don *Felix de Mendoza*?

D. L. Know him!——He's such a Sort of a Fellow, Sir, that the Devil does not know him——He does not know himself I believe——

D. F. You are acquainted with him then?

D. L. Acquainted with him!

D. F. And may tell me where to find him.

D. L. Find him, Sir!——You may find him with a Whore I suppose——Not a Wench in *Salamanca* escapes him.—But he has us'd me ill, Sir, and so I know nothing of him—I know a Lady, call'd *Donna Aurora*

tho'—and that's better—I could tell you a Story now, if I had a Mind — But no Matter — I'm a very happy Man, Sir, — and that's enough. You'll see me To-morrow. Here, Watch! Watch! (Exit.)

D. F. (*Pausing, and looking out*) They have got him I see. What think you now, *Pedro*?

Ped. That we had better have gone with the Watch, Sir.

D. F. Fortune has made me his Deliverer, to save him for my Revenge. To-morrow he'll be sober.

Ped. And so you'll go back to the Inn, Sir?

D. F. My Sister is his Strumpet — To-morrow he'll be sober.

Ped. Pray come along, Sir — My Lady *Aurora* to be sure.—Hark!—Pray come along, Sir.

D. F. To-morrow he'll be sober. [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE *draws and discovers Don Felix at an Inn, sealing a Letter.*

D. F. **W**HO waits there?—*Pedro*!—'Tis Morning now; and my Gentleman has had the Night to sleep in—*Pedro*, I say!—(Enter *Pedro*.)—What's o'Clock?

Ped. Past Eight, Sir.

D. F. Go with this Letter to *Bernarda's*; and see that you deliver it safe.

Ped. I hope it is not to Don *Lewis*, Sir. (*Looking at the Superscription*) I don't know the Street.

D. F. But you can ask, Sir. 'Tis Time he should be stirring.

Ped. Would it not be better, Sir, to find out my Lady *Aurora*?

D. F. Do as I bid you, Sir—And let me know that you have deliver'd it into his own Hands. I shall be walking in the Grove behind *St. Luke's*.—You'll find the Place, Sir.

Ped.

Ped. Yes, Sir, I shall find the Place — But I don't mightily like this Business Women will be Women, Sir. And if Don *Lewis* and my Lady should be playing the Fool at *Salamanca* here — I believe, Sir, it would be our wisest Way to go back to *Madrid*.

D. F. Will you go where I send you?

Ped. You know I don't like Fighting, Sir — And perhaps, if you'd consider a little — I am in a strange Place, Sir — and if Matters should miscarry — You have been a very good Master, Sir; and 'twould break my Heart if — Pray, Sir, may I sell the Horses?

D. F. Another Word, Rascal! and I'll —

Ped. I'm gone, I'm gone, Sir — I did but mention it — A Pox of this Fighting! If a Gentleman can but get himself run thro' the Lungs, he never considers what becomes of a poor Servant. (*Aside, and exit.*)

D. F. Another Time this Fellow's Fears could divert me. But my Thoughts are upon Revenge. — So now for St. *Luke's* and Don *Lewis*. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to Bernarda's.*

Enter Don Lewis and Melchior.

D. L. In Bed, Sir! Why in Bed before I came home?

Mel. I was taken very ill, Sir.

D. L. You were drunk, Sir — But have you heard nothing? Do you know of no Disturbance in the Streets last Night?

Mel. Disturbance, Sir! I heard none.

D. L. How came I Home, Rascal?

Mel. The old Way, Sir — by the Watch — so *Gil Blas* says — and that your Honour was a little —

D. L. Drunk I suppose — and what then? — D'you quote Precedent, Sirrah? If I am drunk, 'tis Reason enough that You should be sober.

Mel. I was taken violently ill, Sir — I could not sleep all Night.

D. L. And did you hear no Noise?

Mel. Not a Breath, Sir.

D. L. Nor any Talk of an Attack in the Street?

Mel. None, Sir.

D. L. Has no one call'd upon me this Morning?

Mel. Not a Soul, Sir.

D. L. I have a confus'd Heap of Things in my Head, but remember hardly any Thing distinctly. That I was attack'd last Night I remember. That I was deliver'd by a Stranger too I remember——But who he was, or how I got home, there my Memory fails me.

Enter Bernarda.

Ber. A Letter, Sir.

(Gives a Letter.)

D. L. From whom?

Ber. The very Question I ask'd, Sir——But I am not over-curious, you know. A Servant brought it, and said you'd know how to answer it.

D. L. You may go in, Signora.

Ber. I shan't stay to disturb you, Sir.

(Exit.)

D. L. This Letter perhaps may explain Matters.

(Opens and reads the Letter to himself.)

Mel. The different Effects of Liquor upon different Constitutions!——Why, here am I now as good-humour'd a Fellow as any in the Universe—and my Master there, all Fire and Gun-powder. He must live sober, or I shall take him to Task I believe.

(Aside.)

D. L. So, so, so! Where's *Gil Blas*?

Mel. I believe he's within, Sir.

D. L. Tell him I want him. *(Exit Melchior.)* A Challenge! Is it possible?——Does the Boy play with me? Or is he really in earnest?——To send it in a Letter too!——Do we live at a Distance then? Does not one Roof lodge us? One Table board us?——I have dealt openly by him.—

Enter Gil Blas.

Where's your Master, Sir?

Gil. Upon his Pleasures I suppose. I have seen nothing of him since Yesterday.

D. L. Since Yesterday!——Was not he at Home last Night?

Gil. No, Faith, Sir——'Tis well if he comes Home to Night.——His Frolicks don't commonly end so soon——But I wish Gentlemen would consider a little——Servants must sleep, Sir——We must have our natural Rest, as well as—

D. L.

D. L. I am serious, Sir. D'you know nothing of him?

Gil. Not a Syllable, Sir.

D. L. Read That then. (*Gives him the Letter*)
Aloud, Sir.

Gil. I hope no Accident has happen'd.

D. L. Read, I say.

Gil. (*Read*) 'Don Lewis has abus'd my Sister, and
'dishonour'd a noble Family; but if Bravery can
'exist with Baseness, he will be ready to vindicate
'with his Sword the Wrongs he has done to

Felix de Mendoza.

'P. S. I wait singly in the Grove behind St.
Luke's.'

D. L. You know the Hand, Sir?

Gil. To be sure, Sir, it is my Master's Hand—Not
that I ever saw it before tho.' (*Aside.*)

D. L. Can you guess at the Meaning?

Gil. The Meaning, Sir!—Why, are you surpriz'd
at it, after what I told you Yesterday?—The Meaning
is, Sir, that he's a pretty Swordsman, and wants to be
doing a little.

D. L. Upon what Foundation?

Gil. Is not it mention'd in the Letter, Sir?

D. L. I speak to be understood, Sir. He says I
have abus'd his Sister—Upon what Foundation does he
say it?

Gil. I am thinking, Sir. Yes, yes, 'tis a Trick of
my Lady's that's plain,—One of her Schemes that she
talk'd of Yesterday—But why not consult Me?—No
Matter—There can be no fighting in the Case—So I'll
e'en carry on the Humour. (*Aside.*)

D. L. What are you puzzling about?

Gil. Puzzling, Sir?—No, Faith, the Matter's pretty
plain, I think. My Master has sent you a Challenge
—And as every Thing must be done in Form, you
know, he first of all cooks you up the Affront, and
then very decently demands the Satisfaction—That's
the whole on't, Sir.

D. L. You trifle with me.

Gil;

Gil. I wish I did, Sir—I knew 'twould come out; and therefore I gave you a few Hints.—Why, Sir—There's hardly a Morning that I carry up his Chocolate, but it's an even Bett, that he sends me down with a Challenge.

D. L. But why am I singled out?

Gil. You visited his Sister last Night—'Tis all as I told you Sir.—And besides, you're a new Face—He loves dearly to engage with new Faces, Men or Women. He was in a Humour for fighting too—I have him before my Eyes this Moment—winding himself up, Sir—Yes, says he, I Must fight this Morning—Let me see—A new Face now—Ay, it shall be Don *Lewis*—A pretty Fellow—a very pretty Fellow—understands the Sword too—And then he loves my Sister—Loves her!—How's that!—Have a Care! Is not she a Woman?—Is not he a Man?—Hey! Pen and Ink there!—So down he sits, and away comes that Challenge—Modern Honour, Sir!

D. L. Is this possible?

Gil. Not so probable, perhaps; but all true, Sir. Why, there was Don *Antonio* at *Madrid*—and no longer ago than last Week—They were the best Friends in the World, Sir—But I don't know how it was, my Master happen'd to find out that he squinted with one Eye. And so he did squint—He look'd somewhat in this Manner. (*squints.*) Upon which my Master sent him a Challenge—Sir, you have squinted at me—I am a Gentleman—And so on, in the common Form—Left-Eye, Affront, Sword and Satisfaction—With a Postscript such as yours—I wait singly in the *Orange Grove*—And there they fought, Sir;—Modern Honour again!—They were fine Swordsmen indeed; so neither of 'em were kill'd—But Things might have been otherwise, you know.

D. L. And is he sober at these Times?

Gil. Mad, Sir—only mad. Very little given to Drink. Good-natur'd too—mighty good-natur'd at Intervals—But a spoilt Child, Sir—a little unfortunate in a fond Mother—Very unlike his Sister *Aurora*—There's a Temper for you!—The Tears that this Brother of her's has cost us.

D. L.

D. L. He must be cured, *Gil Blas*. You see the Place he appoints in his Letter—I'll encounter with no such Madman—Besides, he's the Brother of my *Aurora*—The Friend too, to whom I owe my Acquaintance with her—Go to him yourself; and tell him, I'll meet him no where but at his Sister's. If he thinks himself wrong'd, let him tell me so there. Away, Sir.

Gil. 'Tis a little dangerous, methinks, in this Humour of his—But I'll do't. What the Devil can this Challenge mean? She had better have consulted me a little—Only that I have no Head——no Head in the World—Ha, ha, ha!—Poor Don *Lewis*. [*Aside, and exit.*]

D. L. But now, how to manage it with *Aurora*? Should I tell her of this Challenge, it may hurt her too sensibly. The hot-brain'd Madman? How have I injur'd him?——'Tis well tho' that I know him. *Aurora*, perhaps, may let me into the Secret—I'll away to her presently. *Melchior*!

Enter Melchior.

If Don *Felix* should happen to ask for me, I am at Donna *Aurora*'s—And d'you hear, Sir? Let me find you sober when I come Home—Call me a Chair.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Grove.*

Enter Don Felix and Pedro.

D. F. To the Woman of the House! Why the Woman of the House? I bad you see Don *Lewis*, and give the Letter into his own Hands.

Ped. She said he was not up, Sir.

D. F. You should have call'd him up then.

Ped. You need not fear, Sir——The Letter will rouse him, I'll warrant you.

D. F. Do You be gone then—And hark you, Sir! As you know my Secret, you had best keep it. Upon Pain of Death return silently to your Inn—If I see but your Shadow, your Life shall answer for't.

Ped. I am gone, Sir—So! so! Here will be fine Doings presently!—But I shall have the Horses—That's my Comfort.

[*Aside, and Exit.*]

D. F.

D. F. Why does not he come?—But Cowardice is inseparable from a bad Mind. My Sister was modest, prudent, and amiable—What Arts have been us'd to corrupt her, I know not. Her Dishonour sits heavy upon me—I must have Blood for't.

Enter Gil Blas.

Gil. Every Step of the Way have I been thinking of this Challenge—What, in the Name of Wonder, can it mean? I have met No-body—and this is the Place I think—

D. F. Who are You, Sir?

Gil. Ha!—I presume, Sir, by that Question, you don't live at *Salamanca*.

D. F. Who are you, I say?

Gil. Who am I, Sir!—I was only looking for my Master—Did you see him?

D. F. Your Master!—Who's your Master?

Gil. Don *Felix*, Sir—No Offence I hope—They told me he was here. A damn'd hot Fellow this. [*Aside.*]

D. F. I am Don *Felix*.

Gil. That's mighty strange now, that I should not know my own Master—But 'tis Don *Felix de Mendoza* that I want.

D. F. *Mendoza*!—I am Don *Felix de Mendoza*.

Gil. The Devil you are! But not our *Mendoza* I hope—O Lord! O Lord! [*Aside.*]

D. F. I begin to suspect. This must be my Sister's Servant sent hither by Don *Lewis* and her to insult me. [*Aside.*] Answer me, Sir—Who sent you hither?

Gil. Who sent me hither!—Lord! Sir, you frighten me so!—My Master, Sir—I hope you are not angry.

D. F. Who sent you, I say?

Gil. If you would not frighten me, Sir—

D. F. Don *Lewis* and *Aurora* sent you.

Gil. *Aurora*, Sir?

D. F. Ay, Sir, *Aurora*—No Concealments, as you value your Bones. (*Shaking his Cane at him.*)

Gil. Concealments, Sir!—I don't know what you mean—I don't indeed, Sir. Yes, yes, Don *Felix* sure enough!—But I'll confess nothing. [*Aside.*]

D. F.

D. F. Where are they ?

Gil. Who did you say, Sir ?

D. F. Don *Lewis* and *Aurora*—Where are they ?

Gil. As for Don *Lewis* Sir—he lodges at *Bernardo's*, the great Lodging-house there—He went out just now, Sir—But the other Gentleman—Who did you call him, Sir ?—Signor *Aurorio* ?—I believe I don't speak his Name right.

D. F. You shall be taught it then. (*Offering to strike him.*)

Gil. Hold ! hold ! Sir !—*Aurora* I think you said, —Is it a Man or Woman, Sir ?

D. F. My Sister *Aurora*—And now you know me, tell me of her, or I'll have your Life, Dog. (*Offering to draw*)

Gil. For Heaven's sake, Sir !—I can bring you to Don *Lewis* and my Master—They may tell you of her perhaps.

D. F. Do it this Moment then—Away, Sir !—And for Security I'll hold you fast. (*Takes hold of him.*)

Gil. That's the Way, Sir—I'll go first, if you please.

D. F. Will you so !—But we'll go together, Sir.

Gil. So ! so !—Here's a fine Piece of Business !—This is my Head now ! (*Aside*) (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E changes to *Aurora's Lodgings.*

Enter Aurora in Boy's Clothes, and Laura.

Aur. Why does not *Gil Blas* come ?

Lau. They say he went out ; but no Body knows whither.

Aur. I wish we don't want him—For if Don *Lewis* does not beat me as a Man, I shall imagine he does not love me as a Woman.

Lau. Never fear, Madam—He'll be angry enough, I'll warrant him—What, send away his Mistress, and he not repent it !—'Tis well I am to be by, let me tell you.

Aur. I think he loves me ; and this shall be the last Trial—Let him follow me to *Madrid*, and he shall make

make a Wife of me as soon as he pleases—(*A Knocking at the Door.*) Here he comes!——

Lau. Hide! hide then!

Aur. I'm in a sad Trembling, I'm sure—Would to Heaven all was over! (*Exit.*)

Lau. And now—for a grave Face, and a long Story. (*Opens the Door.*)

Enter Don Lewis.

Softly! Softly! Sir—I thought 'twas you—But you are come to a sad House.

D. L. A sad House!—Why, what's the Matter?

Lau. Speak lower, Sir—Have you seen *Gil Blas* this Morning?

D. L. Ay, what of Him?

Lau. Has he told you nothing?—But how should he?—He did not know it himself.

D. L. No; but I have told Him.—He'll be here presently. Does *Aurora* know it?

Lau. Know what, Sir?—But pray speak softly.

D. L. The Challenge.

Lau. The Challenge! What Challenge?

D. L. Does not she know it then?—A Challenge from *Don Felix*.

Lau. Impossible!—This can't be a Trick of *Gil Blas's*, sure! [*Aside.* A Challenge did you say?

D. L. Ay, a Challenge—I speak plain I think—Does she know nothing of it?

Lau. My Mistress, Sir?—How should she?—But you are not in the Secret I see.

D. L. What Secret?—Prithee don't distract me.

Lau. Lower, lower, Sir!—*Don Felix* is in the next Room, and will hear every Word.

D. L. *Don Felix*! How long has he been here?

Lau. Ever since last Night.

D. L. Has not he been out this Morning?

Lau. No, why d'you ask so impatiently?

D. L. You amaze me!—He appointed me just now to meet him behind *St. Luke's*; and said he waited for me there—But *Gil Blas* has undertaken him!—Is he come back?

Lau.

Lau. Not that I know of—*Gil Blas* has undertaken him!—This must be a Trick of his then. [*Afide.*]

D. L. Where's *Aurora*?

Lau. Would I could answer that Question, Sir!—But I see you know nothing of what has happen'd.

D. L. Of what has happen'd!—You set me up on the Rack.

Lau. My Lady's gone, Sir.

D. L. Gone! gone!—Where's she gone?

Lau. You must ask that of your Friend Don *Felix*.

D. L. I shall run mad—But prithee tell me—How went she?—When went she?—By whose Authority?

Lau. At Midnight—In a Coach—By Don *Felix*'s Authority.

Lau. Don *Felix*!—Bring me to him this Moment.—But I'll be patient 'till I know all.—Prithee tell me.

Lau. That unlucky Visit last Night, Sir—He was sitting at the Window, and saw you—But to tell you how he look'd!—No, Sir, I can never tell you how he look'd. 'Tis well, says he—mighty-well—And away he strided to my Lady's Dressing-room.

D. L. Go on—Prithee go on.

Lau. You have receiv'd, says he, the last Visit from Don *Lewis*.

D. L. Did he Say so?

Lau. The very Words, Sir—I hope Not, says my Mistress—The last Visit from Don *Lewis*!—Echoing his Words, you know—Pray, Sir, how came I by the first?—Was it of My seeking?—But I love Don *Lewis*—

D. L. Could she confess so much?

Lau. More, more, Sir—She grew as loud as he.—I wish you had heard her—And if Don *Lewis* loves Me, says she, as I think he does, the World shan't divide us—My Heart at least shall be his; and if there's any Cunning in Woman, my Person shall go with it.

D. L. The generous Creature!—And what follow'd?

Lau.

Lau. Storming, Sir——A World of Storming. He lov'd you once, he said——but had chang'd his Mind——You must know he's very apt to change his Mind——You were a Man of loose Principles; a debauch'd Rake——and a thousand Things besides——And then he went out, and then he came in again——But we soon found what he went out for——

D. L. What? What?

Lau. In less than an Honour, Sir, a Coach and six stop'd at the Door——and up came three ill-looking Fellows.——In short, with the Assistance of Don *Felix*, they hurry'd my poor Lady down Stairs——forc'd her into the Coach——tumbled a few of her Things in——crack went the Whip——and away they drove, God knows whither.

D. L. At what Hour was this?

Lau. At ten last Night—I beg'd hard to attend her; but the Doors were shut upon me.

D. L. Enough, enough, *Laura*——Where is this Madman?

(*Going in.*)

Enter Aurora.

Aur. If you mean Me, Sir, I am here.

D. L. 'Twere better you had been elsewhere, Sir. But I receiv'd your Note, and now am ready to answer it.

Aur. What Note, Sir?——Did I send you any?

D. L. You have forgot it then!——But your Mind, I see, can change upon more Occasions than one.

Lau. Own it, Madam——A Challenge—*Gil Blas's* Doing.

[*Apart.*]

Aur. Well, Sir——I sent you a Note.

D. L. And this is my Answer. [*Drawing.*] Draw.

Aur. What, draw before a Woman!——Hark you, *Laura*, step into the next Room a little, that we may kill one another without your screaming.

D. L. You are merry, Sir——But I have Reason to be otherwise. Where's *Aurora*?

Aur. Gone, Sir—*Salamanca* did not agree with her;

D. L. You have us'd me basely.

Aur. I have sent away my Sister.

D. L. You say too, that I have abus'd your Sister.

Aur.

Aur. No, Faith, not that I remember.

D. L. How, Sir!

Lau. In the Challenge, Madam—Own it all. [*apart.*

Aur. What I wrote, Sir, I believ'd—But I can't pretend to recollect every Thing I write.

D. L. Your Note was written not an Hour ago.

Aur. May be so—I can't say as to the Time—There's no carrying every Thing in one's Head, you know.

D. L. Can this be Don *Felix*? the Brother of *Aurora*?—This Shuffler? This Wretch?

Aur. What you please, Sir—And yet, after all, I am the very Man.

D. L. This Coolness is Insult.

Aur. My Sister's gone, Sir, and so is my Anger.

D. L. Draw this Moment!—Or follow me to *St. Luke's*.

Aur. Nor one, nor the other.

D. L. Will nothing provoke you?

Aur. My Sister's coming back again.

D. L. What think you of a Blow, Sir? (*Strikes off her Hat.*)

Aur. A Blow!—I don't think there's much in that, from a Friend. (*Stooping for her Hat*) And yet you may live to repent it.

D. L. I do already, that I have struck a Coward—Are not you a Coward?

Aur. Sometimes so—sometimes not—Those Things are merely accidental—But let me tell you, Sir, (*Walking up to him*) if I assume the Coward now, it is that I may lower myself to a Level with You.

D. L. With me!—Have a Care, Sir—What means this strange Behaviour?

Aur. The Man, who has betray'd his Friend, is Company for Cowards.

D. L. Ha!

Aur. Why was my Character to be expos'd? Sister or no Sister, 'tis the same to Me. I open'd my Heart t'you with a Frankness you were not worthy of; told all my Follies; laugh'd over the wanton Sallies of my Blood—and thought the Secret as safe in your Breast as in

in my own—There's an Insolence in Her Virtue, that makes me wish the World had known me, rather than my Sister.

D. L. You can't be in Earnest sure!—She insolent!—With all the Sweetness natural to her Innocence, she only laugh'd and wish'd you wiser.

Aur. There again—You were to reform me!—You, good Man! pity'd my Youth—had often told me the Consequence of this wild Behaviour—

D. L. So!—so!

Aur. And made no doubt but Time and your ghostly Admonitions would bring me to the Paths of Virtue—There's a Meanness, Don Lewis, in Hypocrisy, not to be brook'd by a Woman of Her Temper.

D. L. Ha!—You alarm me now indeed!

Aur. I fear you have lost her for ever by it.

D. L. D'you fear it?—Then you are my Friend still.

Aur. Her Departure last Night so suddenly, and all My Behaviour this Morning, which you have thought so strange, were at her own Desire.

D. L. At her own desire!—Why Laura, Laura saw her forc'd away—would have follow'd her, but You shut the Doors upon her.

Aur. Laura had her Instructions too.

Laur. I was bid to say so, Sir.

D. L. All my own Folly!—I see it!—I see it!

Aur. Aurora must be won by Openness—No Mask.—No Secret to come out hereafter—And if ever you see her more—

D. L. Ever see her more!—

Aur. Speak to her with the Freedom you have done to Me. Hide not a Folly from her, that you would blush for, if a Wife should know it.—Do this, and I am still enough your Friend, to think and tell her, you deserve her.

D. L. Generous Don Felix! [*Offering to embrace her.*]

Aur. Hold, Sir!—Now for the Blow you gave me, [*Draws.*] Draw!

D. L. Not for the World!—I'll beg Pardon in Publick—

Public—Do any Thing!—

Aur. I love you, *Don Lewis*—But I am a Soldier,
and must live with Honour——Draw this Moment.

D. L. I dare not——I have injur'd you——

Aur. Draw, I say. [*She pursues him, and he retreats.*]

Laur. For God's Sake, Sir! [*To Aurora*]—Here's
somebody coming—Hark!

Gil. (*Without.*) Stay but one Minute, Sir!—Only
till I go in.

D. F. [*Without.*] Not an Instant, Rascal—I must
cut your Throat at last, I find.

Aur. Ha!——Who are these? (*Aside.*) This Affair
will keep, Sir. [*Putting up her Sword.*]

D. L. What new Turn now? [*Aside.*]

Enter Don Felix, collaring Gil Blas.

Gil. Mercy! Mercy!—Good dear Sir, Mercy!

Aur. My Brother! [*Runs and leans upon the Scene.*]

Lau. Don Felix, as I'm a Christian!

Gil. The Gentleman in White, Sir——That's my
Master.

D. F. I see it is [*Letting Gil Blas go.*]

Gil. Never so frighten'd in all my Life! [*Aside.*]

D. F. Ay, blush for Shame; [*To Aurora*] for you
have stamp'd Dishonour on a Family, that till now
was without Stain.

D. L. I don't like this——I'm afraid, *Don Felix*,
you have too many Tricks.

D. F. [*Turning quick.*] Tricks, Sir!—If You are
Don Lewis, your Manners are as foul as your Morals.
—But I am not to be play'd with.

D. L. Nor I, Sir—as you shall All find. [*Putting
his Hand to his Sword.*]

D. F. You shall have Occasion for your Sword pre-
sently——But first, I must have a Word or two here.
(*Looking at Aurora.*)

Aur. You look so, Sir——you frighten me.

D. F. Which Shame and Dishonour could not do.
—Are not you a Wretch?

Aur. No, indeed.

D. L. What am I to think?—Where am I got?—
With whom?

D. F.

D. F. Could *Aurora* do this?—The modest, innocent *Aurora*? She has broke a Heart that lov'd her with that Tenderness——

D. L. You love *Aurora*!——

D. F. Again!——'Tis well—— To You then, Don *Lewis*——You receiv'd a Note this Morning.

Aur. Ha!——Courage assist me now, and we shall do! [*Aside.*]

D. L. I did——a Challenge——And there stands the Writer.

Aur. I writ no Challenge.

D. L. You dare not deny it, sure!

Aur. I writ none, I say.

D. L. This is too much——

D. F. Hold, Sir!——'Tis Me you are to deal with—Where my Honour's at Stake, I am not to be banter'd with.

D. L. Nor I——*Laura* knows he writ it.

Lax. I, Sir! not I——You told me so, indeed.

D. L. Is that all?——*Gil Blas* too——Come hither, Rascal, and speak the Truth.

Gil. What am I to say now? (*Aside.*)

D. L. Speak!

Gil. I thought so, Sir.

D. L. You knew the Hand, Villain!——Here's the Note——(*Shows it Gil Blas*) Deny it if you dare.

Gil. Kill me, Sir——kill me——I am in your Power——I really thought it was his——and so I said it——But I beg your Pardon, Sir——I never saw a Line of his Writing in my Life.

D. L. I am distracted——You see, Sir, the Confusion I am in. (*To Don Felix*) If this Note is yours, I am ready to answer it.

D. F. The whole of your Behaviour astonishes me——That you have Courage I know.

D. L. How know it, Sir?

D. F. Your Defence last Night against the *Russians* was a brave one.

D. L. The *Russians*!—more and more strange!

D. F. This Sword was of Service t'you.

D. L. Was it?——I thank you, Sir.

D. F.

D. F. You were then in a Condition unfit for my Revenge.

D. L. Revenge!—For what?

D. F. For violating the Honour of my Sister. I am Don Felix de Mendoza, the Brother of Aurora—The same Don Felix that call'd You to an Account this Morning for the Wrongs you have done him.

D. L. The Brother of Aurora!—Who then is this? (Pointing to Aurora.)

D. F. Is not she Aurora?—If there was a Possibility of your Ignorance I could be calm—But we have talk'd too long—Follow me this moment.

D. L. No, I am rivetted here—Aurora! Can the wild, the tormenting Don Felix be Aurora?

Aur. Even so, Sir—The very individual she.

D. F. And is it true?—Can it be true, that he knew it not, till this Instant?

Aur. Upon my Honour, Sir.

D. L. And mine—Nay, I hardly can believe it now.

Aur. I told you, you'd repent striking me—How do you intend to give me Satisfaction?

D. L. By loving you for ever!—Last Night Don Felix, you gave me my Life—If you would make that Life happy to me, give me your Sister.

D. F. And would you marry this wild Thing?

D. L. With her own Consent, 'tis my only Wish.

D. F. What says Aurora?

Aur. Only that I love him, Sir—and should break my Heart, if he would not have me.

D. L. My frank Aurora!

Aur. I am a very honest Madcap, Sir, as you see. I lov'd you, and therefore I pursu'd you. If I have step'd a little out of my Sex to make sure of you, let Love be my Excuse.

D. L. My generous Girl!

D. F. Then, Sir, we are Brothers—And Aurora once again my Sister—Take her, Don Lewis—But I must know of all her Pranks.

D. L. And I too, how the Scheme has been conducted.

Aur.

Aur. And I, Brother, what good Genius brought You hither, in the very Instant I could have wish'd for you.

Gil. Here he stands, Madam, at your Elbow— A little in Disgrace indeed— Not wanted now, and therefore not regarded.

D. L. Poor *Gil Blas*.

Gil. What Sort of a Genius, I wonder, had the Management of My Affairs?

Aur. A lucky one, as you shall find.

D. F. Here's to begin. (*Gives Gil Blas a Purse.*) Let this be an Excuse for what happen'd in the Grove.

Gil. Your Honour did frighten me a little.

Enter Bernarda.

Ber. 'Tis well I have found you, Don *Lewis*!— I have great News for you!

D. L. For Me?

Ber. You were attack'd last Night— But little do you guess by whom— *Isabella's* contriving, every Bit on't.

D. L. *Isabella's*!

Ber. I never lik'd that Don *Gabriel*— He was the Man, Sir— But he's finely handled.

D. L. Not dead, I hope?

Ber. Wounded, that's all—

Gil. He'll be hang'd, that's my Comfort. (*Aside.*)

Ber. Wounded in Half a Dozen Places— He won't die tho'— But He was of another Mind, or he would not have sent for me— *Isabella* set him at Work— And this Morning she has robb'd her Father, and left Don *Gabriel* to his Fate.

D. L. Why, that's as it Should be— But we have happier Things to think of— You are in the Dark, Don *Felix*, but shall know all presently.

Aur. This was an Escape, indeed!— My noble Brother, let me thank you for his Life— And now if you will follow *Bernarda* to my Lodgings, I'll but stay to be a Woman again, and attend you for the Laugh. There I was the Friend of Don *Lewis*— Here the Sister of his Friend— And you shall know how mer-
rily

rily we pass'd our Time. Lead on, Sir; (*To Don Lewis*)
I'll follow you in a few Minutes.

D L. To give me that Happiness, which a false
Friend and falser Mistress promis'd me in vain.

To all my Follies, here I bid adieu,
Reclaim'd and fix'd by Virtue, and by You.

F I N I S.

